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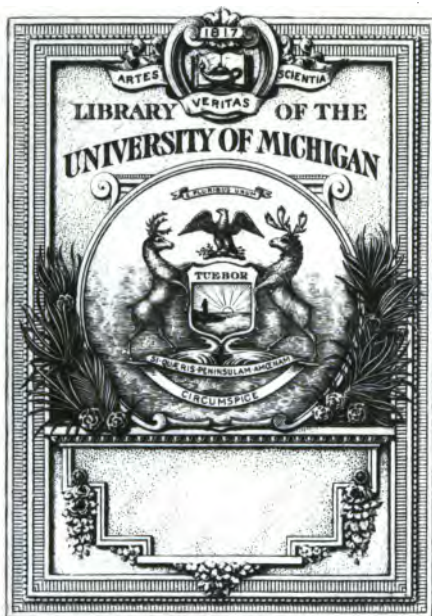
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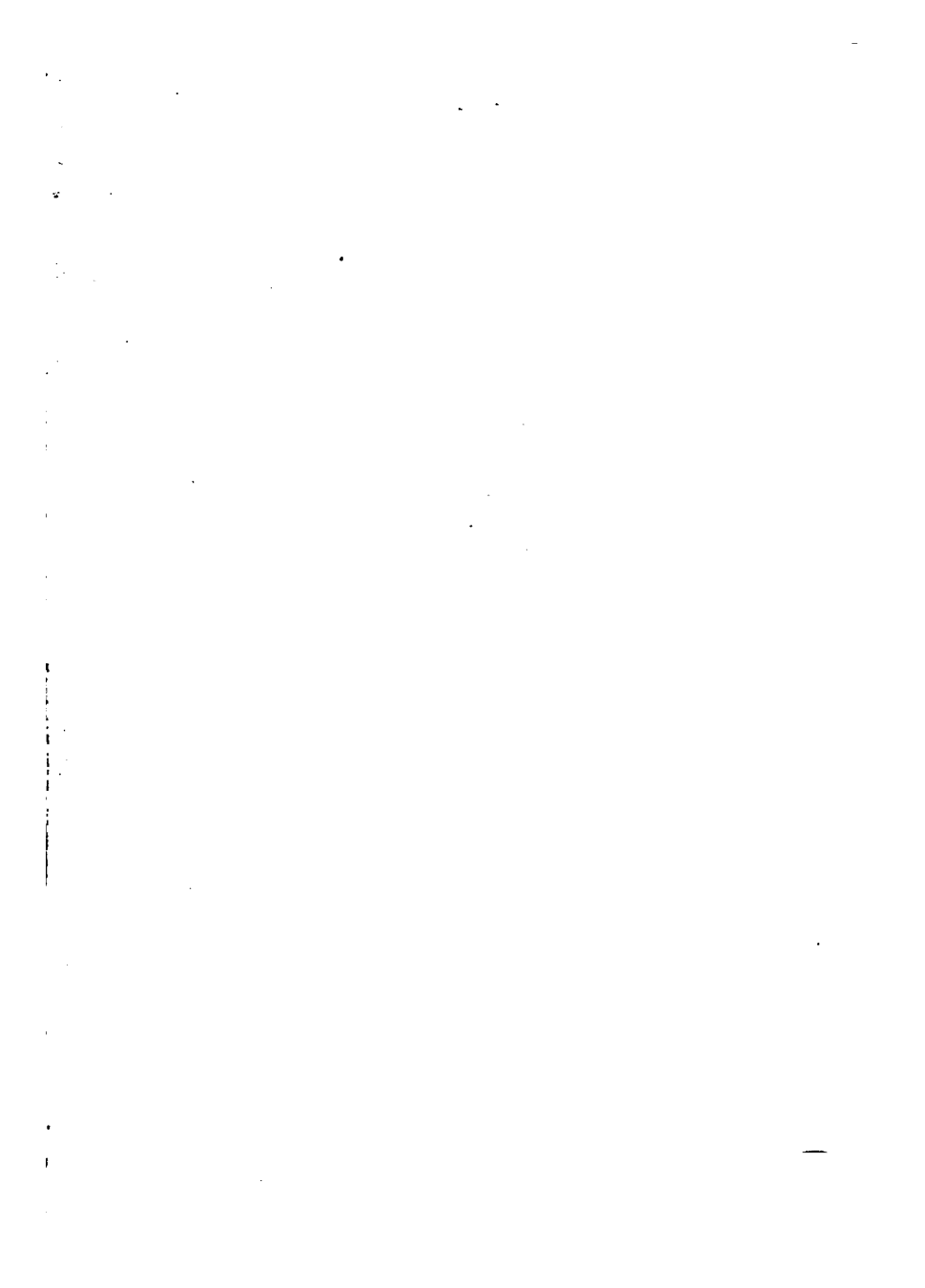
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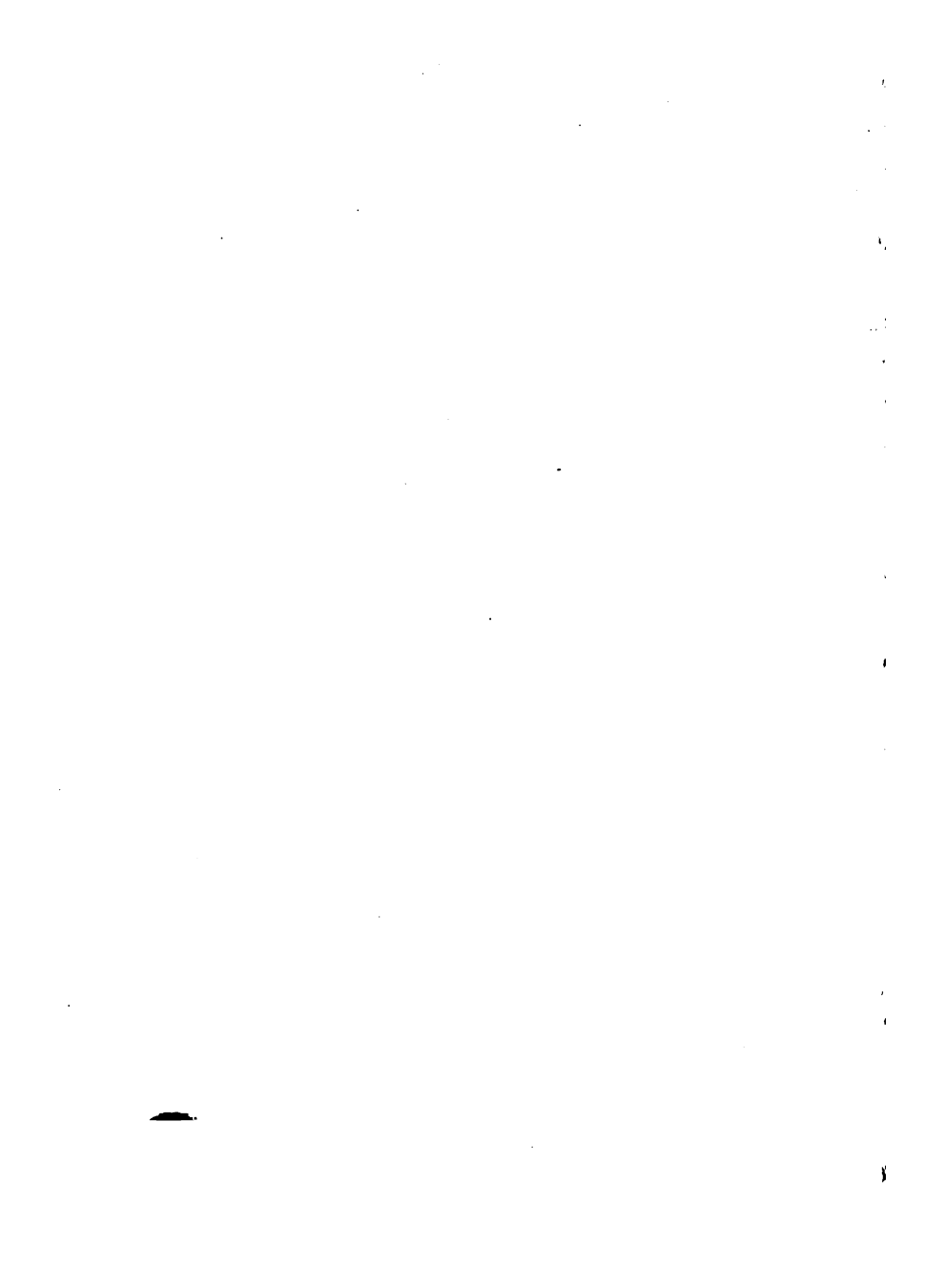
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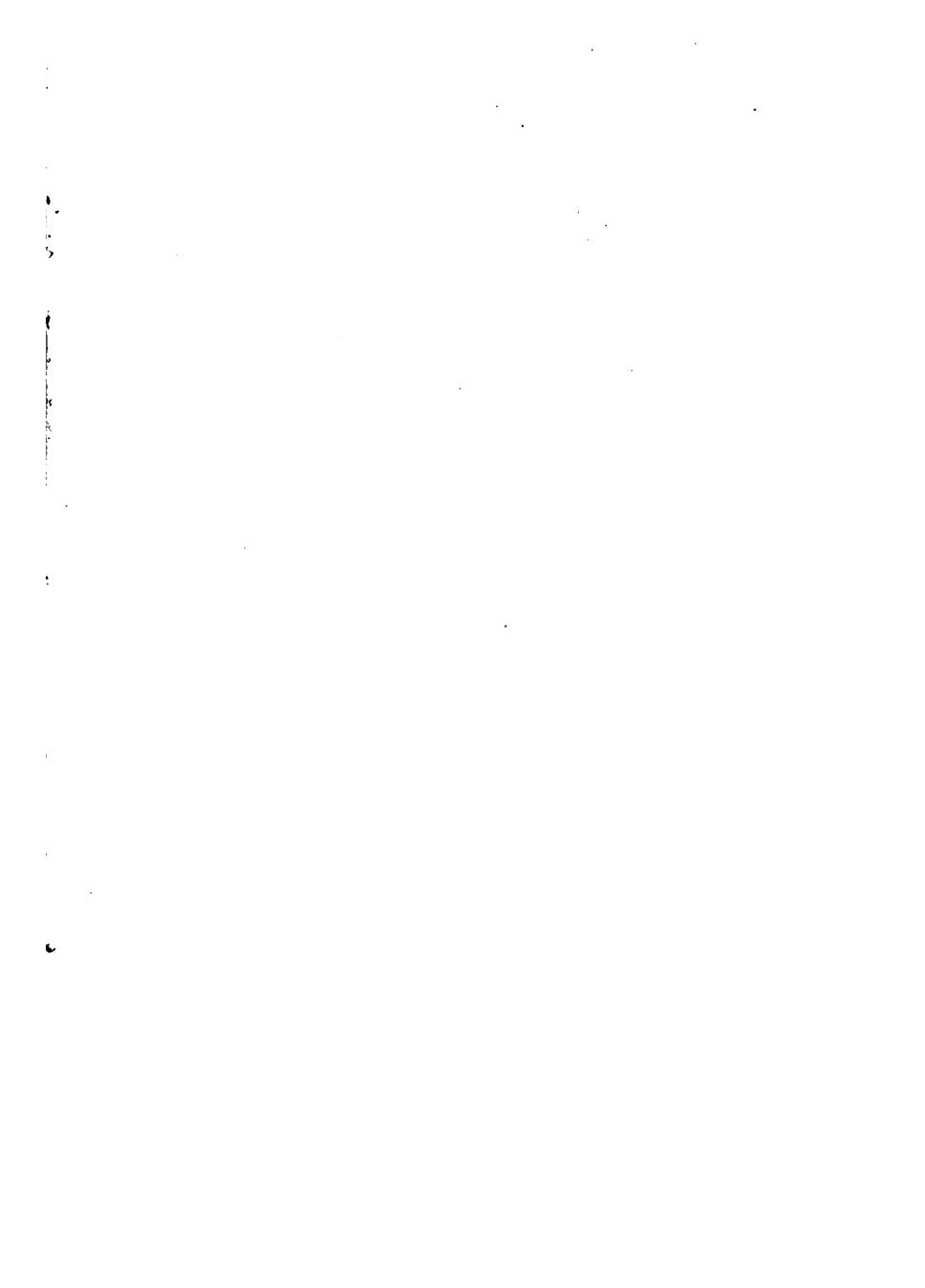
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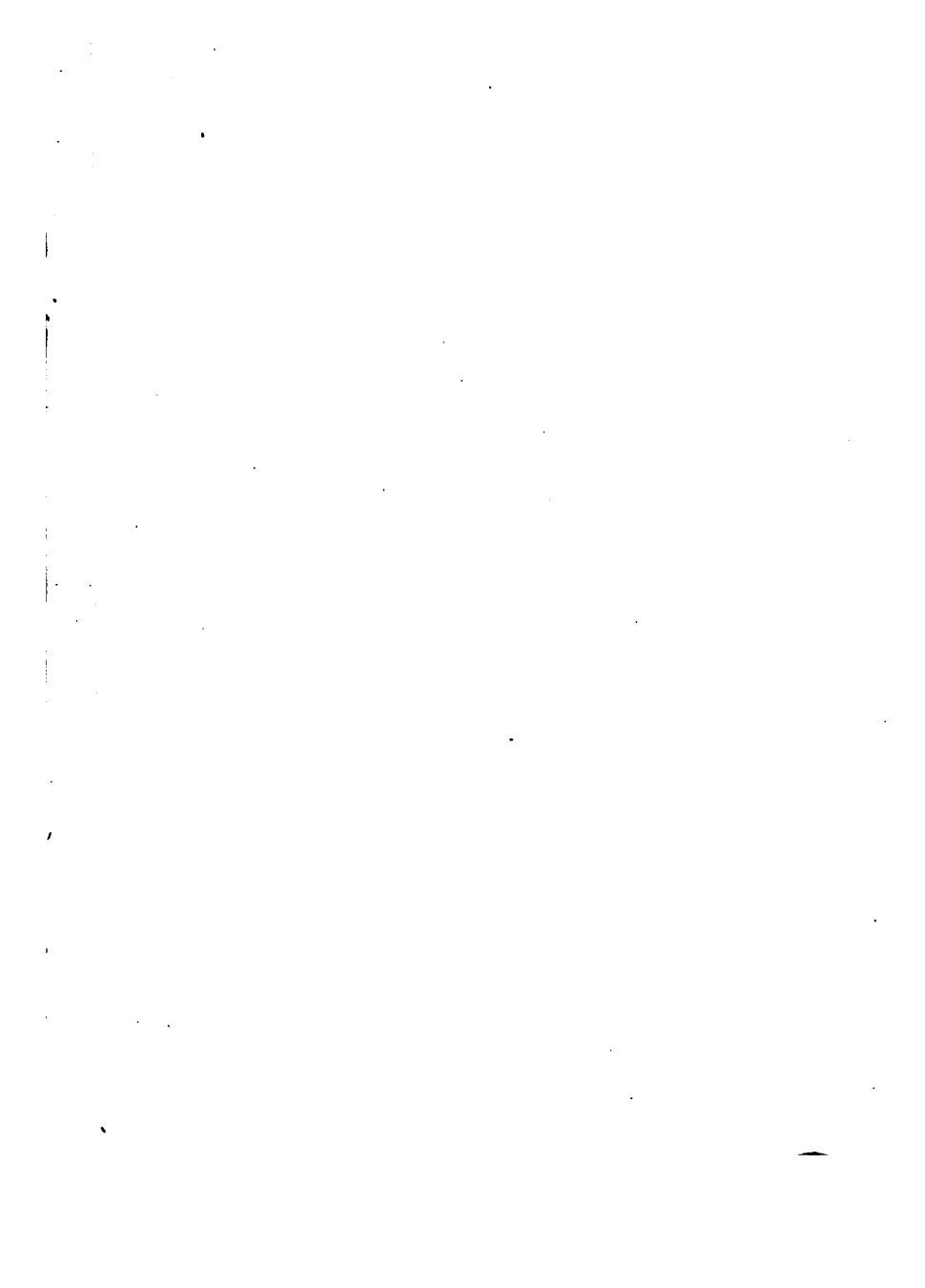


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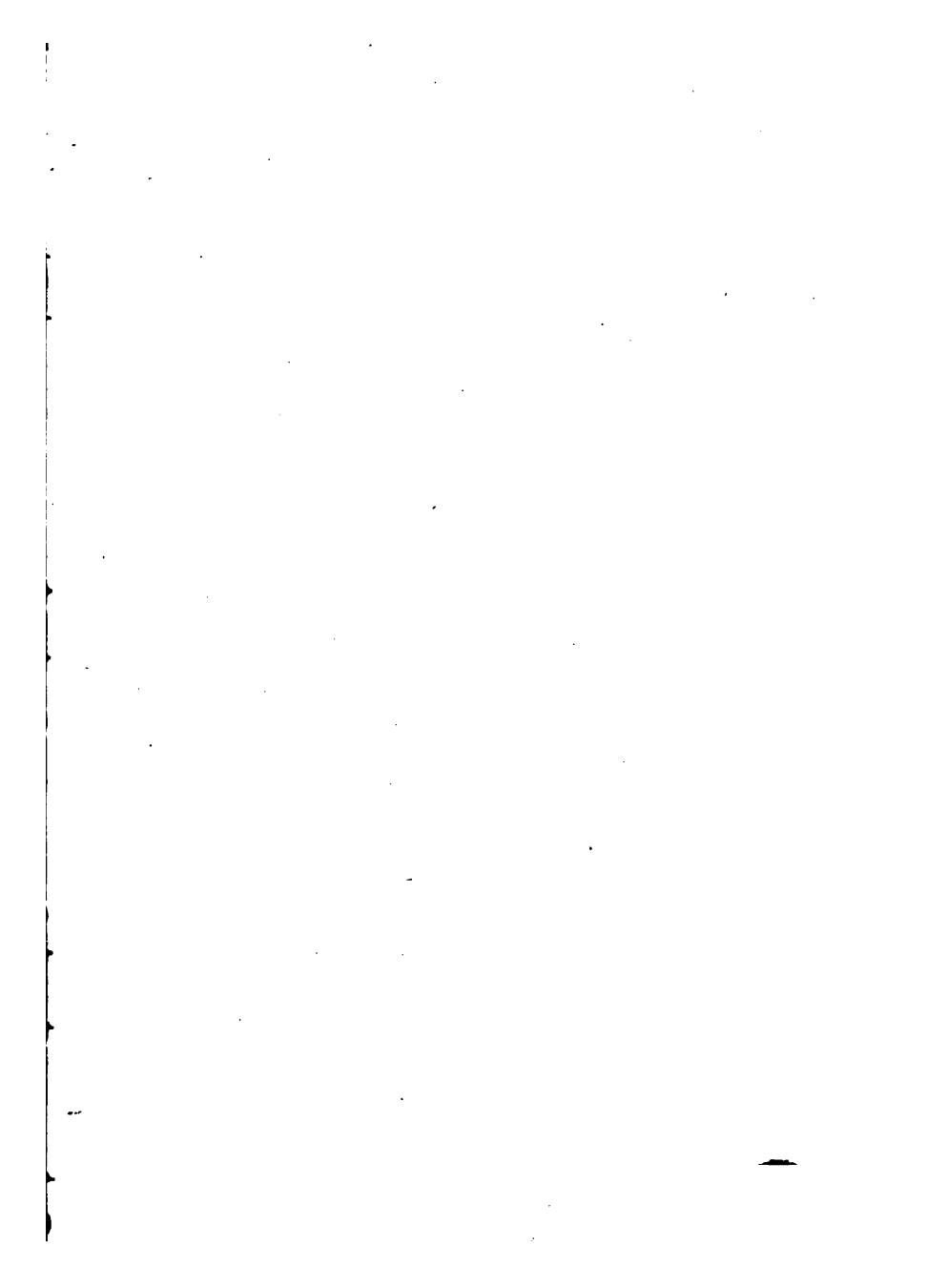
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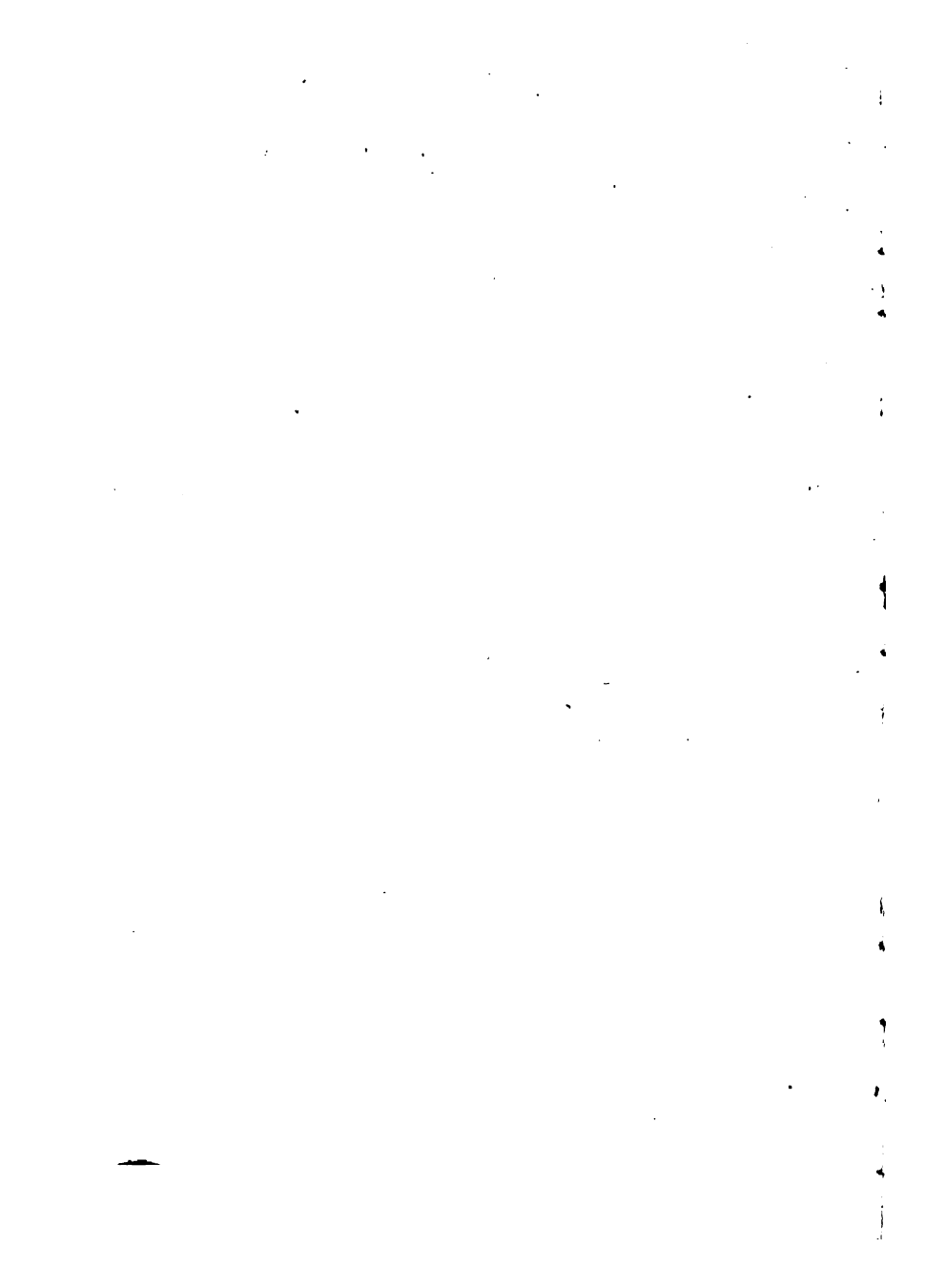
WILLIE MAKES A BANG. Page 34.

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JOHN GODSOE'S
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JOHN GODSOE'S LEGACY.

BY

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P R E F A C E.

THE story of John Godsoe's Legacy, and the references to those persons more or less identified with it, show the almost indestructible influence of a Christian home, and of early moral training,—a truth often exemplified in the unexpected appearance of seed supposed to have rotted in the furrow,—show there are penalties that administer themselves, and that he who sins must suffer.

The striking contrast between the commencement and the end, in the lives of Godsoe and Romero, makes it evident that, as the rainbow spans at one time the evening, and at another

the morning sky, thus the fairest promise of youth may be irrevocably blighted, and, on the other hand, a youth and manhood spent in folly and crime have, though most rarely, been known to stop short of absolute perdition.

The influence of Willie upon his grandparents, cheering their age, and filling every crack and cranny of the lonely old house with sunshine, illustrates the power resident in a good boy to diffuse happiness over a household. Nothing more clearly brings to view the innate strength and soundness of Willie's character, — aided in its development by the wise training to which he was subjected, — than the use he made of wealth obtained without effort of his own. The possession of it at majority neither enervated his mind, sapped his energies, nor bred extravagance and vain conceit.

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JOHN GODSOE'S LEGACY.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH TO TAKE, AND WHICH TO LEAVE.

JOHN GODSOE, it is proper to inform the general reader, is the son of God-fearing New England parents, who, now on the declivity of life, had for years mourned his absence. Possessing great vigor, both of body and mind, but haughty, reckless, and little amenable to the strict discipline of his father's house, he early forsook home to follow unrestrained the promptings of his own passions, in company with another, Pete Clash, as much superior to Godsoe in wickedness and fiendish cruelty, as he was inferior in intellect, courage, and personal strength.

But once during these long, weary years had the heart-broken parents heard from their wayward son. Then he was seen by two of his

schoolmates in company with Clash, the companion of his boyhood, on board a slaver in the West Indies, John denying his name, and refusing to recognize his former townsmen.

Another period of suspense and foreboding follows, when their fears and anxieties are again aroused by the arrival of a vessel owned in their own place, and manned by inhabitants of it, many of whom were their relatives, bringing with them a piratical vessel they had taken.

The story related by them was, that they had been attacked by the pirate, and not only repulsed, but captured her, killing all the crew but one man, the lieutenant, who, after recovering from his wounds, had been permitted to escape, and whose name was Arkwright, an Englishman; that the captain of the pirate was Pete Clash, many of the crew, and the officers, who knew him well, recognizing the body by a particular mark.

Here was intelligence well calculated to kindle anew the slumbering anxieties of the parents,—the piratical vessel, commanded by Pete Clash, with whom their son had left home, and in whose company he had been seen abroad. Still, after all

the inquiries instituted, they could not learn that he was either among the dead or identical with Arkwright; but as some had been drowned, or sunk in the boats, and others had jumped overboard, they were inclined to fear that he was among those that leaped overboard, his haughty spirit preferring death to capture and discovery of his name and parentage.

They were now about to hear news which, although it confirmed their worst fears, was at the same time accompanied with such alleviations and sense of relief, that the bitterness of the past would seem well nigh forgotten in the consolation it offered, and also by the termination of this long and agonizing suspense.

They were to learn by Captain Griffin, of the "Osprey," that their son was in very deed the lieutenant of the piratical brigantine "Langue-doc," under the name of Richard Arkwright; that after leaving home he engaged with Clash in the slave trade, married the daughter of a planter, and accumulated property. Being captured by pirates in one of his expeditions, he, together with Clash, joined them in order to save their lives, and continued in that bloody calling till taken, as has been narrated.

Brought to the verge of death by wounds, his mates slain, and returning alone to his retreat in the mountains of Martinique, his conscience, never entirely seared, asserted once more her power, and brought him to his knees. His wife, ignorant of his crimes, was now dead, and his sole family, except servants, was comprised in his own person and that of his son, a boy but six years of age.

All his passions, faculties, and energies were concentrated in endeavoring to promote the welfare of this child. Shocked at the idea of his growing up in sin and ignorance, or ever coming to the knowledge of the life led by his father, he sent him to his grandparents by Captain Griffin, as a precious legacy, that he might be trained up to industry, and receive the advantages of education, furnishing abundant means to defray his expenses, and in a letter to his parents confessing his guilt, and imploring their forgiveness.

These matters, already familiar to the readers of the previous volumes, we have related, in order to render the present story intelligible to all.

The Osprey is now working up Boston harbor, and the little boy who is to become an object of

so great interest at Pleasant Cove, is sitting astride the tiller, which he calls his horse, and belabors most unmercifully with a short piece of ratlin stuff. When tired of this he clambers on the back of the helmsman, and, with his feet on the tiller, and his arms around the seaman's neck, peeks over his shoulder into the compass, chattering all the time.

The vessel being in charge of a pilot, Captain Griffin was below, looking over his own chest and traps and those of Willie Godsoe, and preparing to go ashore. Presently he called through the skylight to the boy, who promptly obeyed the call.

"Willie," said the captain, "we shall soon be at the wharf. I want you to make up your mind what playthings you wish to carry with you to your grandfather's."

"I want to carry 'em all — all my things."

"O, no, Willie; you don't want to carry all these old tails of fish, and pieces of ropes, and spikes, and that dolphin's tail, man rope, and sprit sail sheet knots, and that old needle case. Your grandfather can make you all the knots you want, and needle cases, too. He's an old sailor."

"He won't have any rope."

"Yes, he will. There's plenty of rope there; and your uncle Edward will make you little carts and yokes. There'll be fish to catch in the brook, and you can have all the fish tails you want."

It was perfectly amazing, the lot of trumpery Willie had collected during a short voyage. Every article, even the old spikes and heads of bolts, were precious to him, and doubly so now that the captain wished him to leave them behind.

Walter, however, persuaded him to abandon one thing after another, till the heap was reduced to some "king" conchs, a shark's tail, the jaws of a porpoise, that Willie declared he must have to comb his hair with, and a miniature brig the mate had made and rigged for him.

There was another affair the captain in vain tried to prevail upon him to part with — yes, two others. They were not particularly interesting to an observer, but the child cried and sobbed as though his heart would break at the very intimation of parting with them, and the captain ceased to insist upon it when he saw how deeply the little fellow was grieved, and packed the articles up, together with the rest of the strange medley

of odds and ends, among which were pieces of tortoise shell and a number of small calabashes, beautifully carved by Nicholas, and the lines filled with red and blue colors, denominated by Willie his "playthings."

In order that our readers may perceive the reason of the great attachment of the child to the two articles mentioned above, we will relate an incident of the voyage, that will explain very fully the whole matter. It occurred when they were a few days' sail from the land, and at one time threatened very serious consequences. It made an impression upon the mind of Willie that was never effaced.

CHAPTER II.

AUDACITY SAVED HIM.

THUS far the passage had been a most delightful one. The winds had been strong, but regular, there had been no gales or squalls to bring the vessel down to reefs, or any shortening of sail except taking in the studding and other light sails.

Willie had by this time made the acquaintance of every one on board, and was the pet of the whole ship's company, who, in their several ways, contributed to his amusement and instruction.

They had spoken several vessels from New London and Portsmouth, one from Salem, one from Marblehead, and sighted at a distance some English supply ships, but nothing to cause uneasiness or excite suspicion.

All hands were on deck one afternoon making Scotchmen. Perhaps very few of my readers

know what is meant by this term. Scotchmen, in sea phrase, are long battens of wood, fastened to the outside of the shrouds, backstays, and other portions of the standing rigging, in the wake of running rigging, bolt-ropes of sails and blocks that rub, in order to prevent chafing. Bamboo makes very good Scotchmen, and is easily fitted for use. When made of boards, they must be hollowed with a gouge, to fit the rigging properly; but in respect to bamboo, all that is needed is to split it in halves, and as it grows of different sizes, it will suit all descriptions of rigging. It is also perfectly smooth and glossy on the outside, therefore won't wear the rope that passes over it.

Walter had taken a quantity of this on board, part of which had been applied, the first day out of port, on the most exposed parts of the rigging. Part of it was very large, and had been put aside under the long-boat; the rest the men were at work on. The second mate was aloft, directing an ordinary seaman in putting chafing mats on the collar of the fore-topmast-stay, in the wake of the foot of the topgallant-sail.

Willie was sitting astride the tiller, a little distance from the rudder-head, where it was square,

and afforded a good seat. He called it his horse, and every now and then inflicted blows with a rattan, and cried, "Get up." His horse was certainly far superior to the wooden horses that boys at home ride, since it carried him at the rate of ten knots (miles) an hour, while they either carry their horses or remain stationary.

Captain Griffin was pacing the deck, and the vessel laying her course on the wind, and all hands seemed in a very cheerful mood. When the second mate came down from aloft, he reported a sail in sight.

"Where away, Mr. Griffin?" said the captain.

"To windward, sir, and abreast the beam."

"Could you make her out?"

"No, sir; she is too far off."

Captain Griffin instantly went aloft with the glass, but the vessel was so far distant, and there being some vapor on the water, he could ascertain nothing distinctly.

"I can't make her out, Mr. Lancaster," he said, "but I rather think she's a brig, and on the same tack with us. If she shows any colors, I can't see them."

It was now soon dark, and the strange sail was

hidden from view. When the day broke next morning, it revealed a condition of affairs serious enough. On the lee bow were a French frigate and a corvette; on the weather quarter, undoubtedly the vessel that was seen the night before — an armed brig, showing French colors. As she was on the wind, it was probable that the Osprey was the more weatherly vessel, and had gained upon her in working to windward during the night. After contemplating the situation a few moments, the captain turned to his mate, whose coolness and courage he had so thoroughly proved, and said, laying aside the “Mr.,” —

“Sewall, we are in a narrow place; that brig is a French privateer.”

“She’s that, captain, without doubt; and the worst of it is, we can neither fight nor run away; for we’ve nothing to fight with but powder, wooden guns, and two rifles, mine and the second mate’s, and there’s so many of them they can corner us.”

“We are worse off, in some respects, than we were in the scrape with the Languedoc. Then we had arms; now we have none. Then we had only one to deal with; now, most likely, we’ve got three of ’em.”

"Cap'n, if it wasn't for the brig, we needn't care a straw for the others. But there she lays, dead to windward, and sails almost as well as we do."

"If we must fall into their hands, I had rather run down to the man-of-war, and surrender to them. These privateers are not much better than pirates."

"Cap'n," replied Lancaster, "s'pose we do this 'ere. We kin lay nearer to the wind than she kin, and jam on it, sail considerable faster. We're strong-handed, and we kin work this 'ere craft a great deal quicker than they kin that 'ere brig, let alone that they are Frenchmen, and seamanship ain't nat'ral to 'em. S'pose we try to eat her out of the wind."

"Then we must run across her bows. She'll run square down on us, and board us, or luff and give us a broadside; and she carries fourteen guns."

"Ay, but before we get near enough for her to do much execution, and when she's sending her men to quarters, we'll round with the brigantine, and go off on the other tack. Then she'll have to tack, too — won't she?"

“Of course.”

“Wal, this 'ere vessel will go about without ever losing her headway. By the time they've got about, and got headway, we'll have gained a good bit; then we'll round with her ag'in, and we'll keep turnin' her round, bothering them, and gaining all the time. That's nat'rally a smart craft, but no square-rigged vessel kin work so quick as a brigantine, and 'tain't in Frenchmen to handle a vessel as we kin, for they all talk to once; it takes twice as long to give an order, and three times as long to obey it, because they go to chattering like so many monkeys. Then she can't hurt us. A privateer ain't a man-of-war. She can't work ship and serve the guns at the same time.”

“That is not a bad plan, Sewall, and I think it might be done; but I have another that I mean to try, and if mine fails we can still fall back on yours. What do you suppose is the reason, if she's a French privateer, that she don't, being to windward, run down and take us, before the man-of-war can take the prey out of her hands?”

“That's what puzzles me.”

“I take it the reason is just this — they can't

make up their minds about us. This vessel is of quite a different model from the rest of our West Indiamen. Her masts rake, she carries a large amount of canvas ; he sees our quakers, thinks they are real guns, don't know but there are guns in all the false ports, and is afraid we are an Englishman, and will give him a drubbing before the men-of-war can come up. They never dare to engage an English ship of half their own force."

"Shouldn't wonder if that was so, as we show no colors."

"I have made up my mind. If my plan fails, then we'll try yours."

Walter now set all hands at work to pick up all the old clothes and hats that could be found, placed them on handspikes, and stuck them up in different parts of the vessel, to represent men, and give the appearance of a numerous crew. Some of the bamboo was as large in bore as a medium-sized gun. It is also very strong, though it splits easily. He cut off several lengths, bored out the partings at the joints, smoothed the sides with a gouge, then plugged one end, bored a vent-hole, and covered the whole surface, and the end of the breech, except the vent-hole, with several thick-

nesses of new canvas, sewed on. He then served the whole with spun-yarn, hove on as taut as possible with a serving-board made for the purpose; seizings of worming (small rope) were then hove on with a marline-spike, as taut as possible, at intervals, from the breech to the muzzle. Three of these were soon made, where so many were employed about the work. Flannel cartridges were then prepared, and they were loaded, the cartridges being greased to facilitate the exit, and save the gun as much as possible. A round block of wood was put in on top of the powder, instead of a ball. These machines were then lashed to the wooden guns on the weather side, a match made and fastened to a long stick, as it was expected they would do execution at both ends, and the brigantine, hauled closer to the wind, gradually lessened the distance between herself and the brig, and at the same time, leaving the men-of-war more to leeward; but before she was near enough for the deception to be detected, the brigantine ran up English colors, her foresail was hauled up in man-of-war style when about to engage, and one of the newly invented guns discharged, as though to try the range. Contrary to expectation,

the bamboo stood the discharge, not even starting the breech-pin, and making as loud a report as a six-pounder.

It operated like magic on the Frenchman, who instantly went about, and made for the men-of-war to leeward.

The brigantine did the same, pretending to follow him, though very good care was taken to keep her so near the wind that the sails shivered, and she made no progress, in the mean time blazing away with her guns, the billets of wood skipping along the surface of the water, not to be distinguished, at a distance, from balls. It had now become sport for the crew of the brigantine, and great was the merriment, fore and aft, to see the Frenchman carrying every inch of canvas to escape from an antagonist without a single gun.

"Away with yer, you white-livered, frog-eating consarn," shouted Lancaster; "jest about as much out of place on the sea as a fish is on dry land."

Lancaster, like many of the people of that day, retained the English ancestral antipathy to a Frenchman, and disposition to underrate their courage and physical capacity, especially in everything relating to seamanship.

Although, after all due allowance is made for prejudice, it still remains true that there is a vast difference between the laconic manner in which orders are given, the promptitude with which they are obeyed, and the silence which prevails on board of an English or an American ship, and a French one. This fact had by no means escaped the shrewd observation of Lancaster. One reason of this difference is, that not being a commercial people in that degree as the English and Americans, their language does not afford such concise and expressive nautical terms. Sea phrases are not incorporated into its very structure; consequently they must occupy more time, and use twice as many words to express the same thing.

An amusing instance of this is given by a most competent English author. Supposing a French ship meets one of ours, and they desire to salute. The English commander would sing out, "Man ship;" but the French captain would have to exclaim, "*Rangez du monde sur les vergues pour donner des cris de salut.*"

CHAPTER III.

WILLIE WANTS TO MAKE A BANG.

DURING the period of preparation that commenced as soon as daylight revealed to Captain Griffin the dangerous position in which he was placed, Willie was soundly sleeping in his bunk. The captain was very desirous that he should not wake, as, in addition to all other responsibilities, he did not wish the care and annoyance of a frightened child. He therefore gave orders to the mates and cook, in their search in the cabin for clothes, to make as little noise as possible; and when the clothes were all brought up, he closed the skylight and the slide of the companion-way, just leaving space for ventilation, and rendering the place both quiet and dark.

Willie, however, was roused by the firing, and made his appearance at the companion-way in his night clothes, and pushing one of the doors par-

tially open, peeked out just as the crew were blazing away at the privateer. At first he was terribly frightened, seeing the smoke rise from the guns, hearing the reports, and noticing the strange forms made by clothing the handspikes; he knew not what to make of it, and began to cry. But soon noticing that the men were all laughing and talking with each other, his alarm quickly subsided, and he pushed open the door. This exposed him to the observation of his stanch friend, the black, and he shouted, "Cookie, cookie!" with all his might.

"Come right here, sonny, and fetch you clo'es. Ise dress you."

Willie lost no time in complying with the invitation, and the cook, huddling on his clothes, placed him at his usual post of observation in the long-boat. They continued to fire and keep up the pretence of a chase for some minutes. At length the plug blew out of the breech of the gun Thaxter was firing, and went through the side of the galley, making a large, irregular hole.

"What for you shoot me?" exclaimed the cook. "Shoot de cook, you get no breakfas'."

The other bow gun took fire from the flash of

the powder, and burned up, while the vent-hole of the remaining one aft was so much burned and enlarged that the greater portion of the charge escaped there. They were now in rather close proximity to the frigate, and a round shot from her bow gun struck the water not a gunshot off. Orders were given to tack ship, everything was swayed up and sheeted home, and the brigantine, to windward of the whole, pursued her original course.

This was the first time the Osprey had been placed in a position to test her sailing qualities in competition with any other vessel; but she soon proved her superiority, steadily increasing the distance between herself and her antagonists, till, disheartened, they relinquished the chase; while, by way of taunt, and giving them a hint of the manner in which they had been played upon, the English colors were hauled down on board the brigantine, and the American flag run up.

"There's a great deal in being well connected," said Walter, laying his hand on the flag that a seaman was rolling up; "cousin John's bunting, and three pieces of bamboo, have saved the cargo, and probably the vessel, from confiscation."

"There's the last of our artillery," said Lancaster, cutting the lashing that held the bamboo to the after gun; "and here, too, is the last, or about the last, of two kags of fust-rate French rifle powder that I bought in Martinique, — one for myself and the other for Danforth Eaton."

He was about to drop the dilapidated affair overboard, when Willie petitioned for it, and carried his prize in triumph to the cook for his inspection.

It was now eleven o'clock. All danger from the enemy was at an end, but no one on board had broken his fast. As it lacked but an hour to the regular time for dinner, Captain Griffin ordered the cook to kill chickens, cook plantain and bananas, get an extra dinner, and merge both meals in one, and told the mate to detail two of the men to pick the fowls for him.

Willie was familiar enough with the sight of powder, but cherished very confused notions as to its effects; also with the sight of rifles and pistols; had seen his father shoot birds and hogs; but he had never seen a cannon, was at a loss to know what the captain had these things fired for, and very anxious to ascertain. For the first time,

he could not gain the attention of the cook, nor the least information from him.

“Dunno plague me now, sonny ; Ise got make de big stew for de ship company ; let dis chile 'lone for dat ; ebery ting cap'n tell me, cook take every ting from de cabin stores you likes ; some udder time me tell a you. Run git me some hard head, dat good boy ; den ask de cap'n, he tell a you ; he got nottin else to do.”

Willie accordingly applied to the captain, who succeeded in satisfying his curiosity. He then found abundant employment till twelve o'clock in helping strip the handspikes, and restore the clothes to the chests, berths, and state-rooms of their owners.

No sooner had Willie finished his dinner than he began again to inspect the bamboo gun, and to wish that he had a cannon. After a time he detected some grains of powder between the turns of the seizings, that had become loosened, and he shook them into a tin dish that he found in the galley. He was encouraged by this to go and examine the spot where the guns were fired, and found some scattered on the deck, forward of the windlass, where the cartridges were made. He

swept this into the pan, picking up every grain with his little nimble fingers, and resolved to go aft, where the gun in his possession was fired. As he went along, chancing to look under the steps that led to the quarter-deck, he espied one of the powder kegs, and in it nearly a pint of powder. Willie thought he was in luck now; instantly transferred the powder to his dish, and started for the galley, where he found the cook entirely absorbed in the duties of his profession, with a roaring fire in the stove.

Willie also was perfectly absorbed in one great purpose, — that of making an awful bang, — and entering the galley, was just about to empty his dish of powder into the fire, when the cook, turning at the sound of something that was boiling over, caught sight of him. Seizing the dish containing the powder with one hand, and Willie with the other, he quickly placed him outside, on the deck, and exclaimed, —

“Bress my soul, warrah dat chile gwine do?”

“Make a bang,” said Willie.

“Make de bang! Bang you head off! Burn you eyes out! Blow de galley all pieces! Whar you tink cap’n say? Whar you fader?”

Willie still declared he wanted to make a bang, and began to cry. The tears melted the black in an instant, and he exclaimed, —

“Dunno ki, sonnie ; gib me de powder, put him in me chist, keep him for you ; den when I wash de dishes, chop meat for de hash, I make de bang for you meself. Now you pick up de spoons and de knives for de cabin, put 'em in de basket, for carry aft. S'pose you kill yousel ! Den I ki 'cause I hab no leetle boy for help me. Den I take leetle bit, smoke de pipe, and tink how make de bang.”

When the cook had done up his work, he sat down to smoke, while Willie watched the little clouds as they rose, thinking perchance they had some agency in the matter. The cook at length prepared to make him a cannon, and let him fire it under his superintendence. Willie was greatly pleased with this, but wanted it made of bamboo, like the others, and play shoot the Frenchmen.

“O, no, sonnie ; no got powder enuff ; put him in de bamboo, nebber see him ; no make any bang, — too big ; only make leetle noise one time, jest like mouse squeak. Cook make you leetle gun make good many bangs.”

He now brought forward from beneath the stove an old tin lamp, the tubes of which were lost, rendering it useless. He broke off the bottom and the bulb, leaving a cylinder open at both ends. In the tool-chest he found a file and pump tacks; then fitting a wooden plug to one end, he punched holes with the end of the file, and fastened it in with the tacks; then, showing it to the delighted boy, exclaimed, —

“Dere! dat bully gun. Dat twenty-four pounder.”

He then filed a little hole for the vent, and putting the file into a bit-stock, reamed it out, making it round, and of sufficient size; finally, he fastened it to a block, and put in the powder.

“Now, my leetle cap’n (you know you’s cap’n dis gun), go ask de cap’n he please gib you some de leetle shot he got in de drawer ob de cabin table.”

The captain hesitated when he found Willie had powder, till Willie told him the cook was going to help him. The black put the shot in the gun, and in Willie’s hat three of the tail feathers of a rooster he had killed that morning.

"Yah! yah! yah! Now you look like grand commodore. Now we make de Frenchman."

He took a big yam, big as two large Swedish turnips, and stuck two wide pieces of a cigar-box cover in for masts, and another to represent the bowsprit. Burning the end of a long stick to coal, he said, —

"Now, when I gits you de firebran', you holler, 'Strike you color, or I'll sink you.' Den Ise be French, and say, 'Who care for you, ole Yankee?' Den you put de fire on de powder."

Willie obeyed to the letter. Bang went the gun, and down went one of the sticks.

"Ky, massa, ky! Shot his mainmast away by de board. Gib nudder broadside. Sink him. He got no friends. Now Ise tell you what we does. Wese fire shot in Frenchman's mag'zine, blow him up, stave him all ter pieces."

He took the yam, scooped out a hole in the side, lined it with paper, to keep the powder dry, put in the powder, replaced part of the piece he took out, and bound a rag tight round it. Then he put in the masts, sails made of paper, and a bowsprit. He rolled up a little cylinder of paper, filled it with powder that he had ground up fine,

and making a hole in the yam, put it in communication with the powder there.

“Now, when I gib you de firebran’, you holler, ‘Haul down you colors, you old frog-eater! Ise blow you out de water. Surrender to de United States Merrikey.’ Den Ise be Frenchman, and say, ‘You ole psalm-singin’ Yankee, Ise gib you broadside. You Guinea nigga, you is.’ Den you put de fire on de powder.”

The cook then disposed a parcel of small Irish potatoes and red onions over the yam, that he had made flat on top, to represent the deck of a vessel.

“Dere, sonnie, dese taters Frenchmens; de onions dey officers; dat big onion wid de feather stuck in him, he awful big officer; he admiral. When de ship blow up, dey all fall oberboard.”

Willie applied the match; the yam rose bodily from the deck, one half flew over the rail into the water, the remaining portion on to the quarter-deck, the masts on top of the galley, the bowsprit overboard, and the Frenchmen were scattered over the deck. The crew, who were looking on, gave three cheers, and the roosters in the coops began to crow. Willie shouted and screamed, clapped his hands, hugged the cook, and was in a perfect frenzy of delight.

"Cookie, shall I load the gun, and shoot the Frenchmens in the water?"

"Bress my soul, no, chile; dat be wicked—shoot pris'ners. Dere" (giving him a tin pan), "dat Merican boat; take dat, and pick 'em up."

"I want to shoot 'em. If I kill 'em in the ship, why can't I kill 'em in the water?"

"'Cause dat bloodthirsty."

"Well, I want to be bloodthirsty."

"Nebber heard such ting in all my life. Dey nebber do so. Dey pris'ners war. Now, take 'em, put 'em in de long-boat. Ise make you French privateer. You fire at her. Nebber strike a man when he down; dat no good fashion."

"Not a Frenchman?"

"No, chile; dat be mean, kill people when dey gib up. Dat murder."

"Is it murder when they don't give up?"

"No, chile; 'cause dey gwine kill you."

"Don't have any more give up, cookie. I want to kill 'em. I don't like a Frenchman."

There was a bitter feeling at that time among all seafaring men in relation to the French, on account of their capture of our merchant vessels, and Willie had imbibed the sentiments of his as-

sociates. He continued to fire broadside after broadside till his ammunition was exhausted, the simple-hearted negro enjoying the affair full as much as the child. "Indeed, it may be doubted whether Willie would have enjoyed himself half so much, with all the children at Pleasant Cove for playmates, as he did on shipboard with the cook.

Now, Willie wanted to carry to Pleasant Cove the part of the yam that flew on the quarter-deck, — the masts, the cannon made of an old lamp, the yam that represented the last privateer attacked and destroyed, and the onions and potatoes representing the French in the water.

"Willie," said the captain, "we can't carry these potatoes and onions to Pleasant Cove; they will laugh at you. Your grandfather has bushels of potatoes and onions; and I never would carry those old pieces of yam, all black with powder."

Willie began to cry, and whimper, and say, —

"Them's the Frenchmen. I want to show my grandpa how cookie and me sunk the Frenchmen, and how Willie made a bang."

"But after we get home I'll run you a lead cannon, or I'll cut off a gun barrel, and make you

a great deal better cannon than that—one that will make more bang.”

“Willie wants his cannon—the one cookie made for him, 'cause it's his own.” And the little fellow hugged up the remnant of the old lamp, evidently considering a “bird in the hand worth two in the bush,” and, like a brave and skilful soldier, gained the day, the captain packing up yam, potatoes, onions, cannon, and all the rest of the trumpery so precious to him.

As he was so soon to surrender the child to the lawful authority of his grandparents, he did not feel disposed to enforce compliance. Having sold his cargo in Boston, he now set himself seriously to consider upon the most proper method of complying with the directions of Godsoe, and breaking to his parents this exciting news.

CHAPTER IV.

A MIXED CUP.

HAVING arranged in his own mind the mode of proceeding, the captain left his mate and crew to discharge the vessel, and then bring her to Pleasant Cove, while he set out with Willie in a coaster for Portland, intending to take another coaster at that place for home.

The communication at that day was tedious, and he was well aware that he should announce himself, and effect as complete a surprise as he could desire, thus having the matter all in his own hands.

Well knowing, if he landed at the wharf in Rhines's Cove, or at another near Charlie Bell's, that in half an hour the entire neighborhood would know Walter Griffin had got home, which news would not fail to bring Uncle Godsoe to the wharf, or to his father's, and whereas he, for

special reasons, desired to see said Godsoe in private, he took his measures accordingly.

The farm of Edmund Griffin, Walter's father, lay some little distance from the village, on rising ground, and not far from it that of Edward Godsoe. A long bluff point ran off from the Griffin place into the bay. At its termination was a perpendicular ledge, flat on top, that sometimes served the purpose of a wharf. The whole point, except the extreme end, was covered with a heavy growth of spruce and pine.

The coaster did not belong at Pleasant Cove, but farther up the bay, often calling, as she went by, to land goods or passengers.

"Captain," said Walter, as they neared the village, and he caught sight of his father's house, and the fields so familiar to his recollections, "have you got any freight or passengers to land at the wharf?"

"Nothing, captain, except your dunnage."

"How much more trouble would it be for you to land me and my stuff on that woodsy point to leeward? There's a ledge on the end of it that, now it's high water, you can go alongside of, and roll the things out."

"No more trouble, captain. I'll run in, heave to, and land you in the boat."

Upon landing they found a good cart-road through the woods, leading into the fields of Edmund Griffin, and from thence to the house.

"O, captain," cried Willie, "see what I've found — what a pretty little flower!"

"That's a violet."

"See what funny trees. They ain't one bit like the trees at home. See what little mites of fine leaves. How straight they grow! You can go all through 'em. There ain't no vines running across, like as there is at home, that you have to cut with a hatchet, and that get round your legs, and make you fall down. I like these trees."

As they left the woods they came upon a bare, rocky knoll, thickly sprinkled with wild flowers. Willie soon had both hands full.

"O, captain, what are these? Such pretty shape; all spotted; and the yellow comes off on my nose."

"They are wild lilies, dear."

"What is that red thing right close to the ground?"

"A strawberry."

"Is it good to eat?"

"Yes; put it in your mouth."

Willie, after eating, pronounced it "real good," in which opinion he was probably correct.

"Willie," said the captain, pointing to some buildings at a distance, "do you see those buildings through the trees?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's where your grandpa lives. But I am going to my house first, and then we will go over there."

"Is there any boys at your house?"

"Yes, plenty of them."

"Any little boys to play with me?"

"There's one little boy, Winthrop; but they will all play with you. Didn't the cook play with you on board the vessel? And he is a big man."

"There's nobody in the whole world good like cookie," cried Willie, well nigh bursting into tears at the sudden recollection of his black friend, and all the grand times they had enjoyed together.

Had the choice been left to Walter, he could not have selected a better time of the year, or of the day, for his purpose. It was haying, and the period of the day when farmers are busy getting

the hay in bunch, before night, insomuch that his landing was not noticed; and neither did he meet a single person on the road — a matter hardly possible at any other period of the year.

As they approached the house not a person was to be seen. A solitary cat, perched on the top of the wood-pile, and the swallows, on the roof of the barn, were the only evidences of life. As they passed the barn, the doors of which stood open, Walter saw a yoke of cattle in the floor, attached to a load of hay, and chewing their cuds.

“They are all eating supper, that’s where they are,” said Walter to himself; and, all the boy uppermost, he said to Willie, “Don’t be afraid, dear, at seeing so many strangers.”

Then, taking the child by the hand, and telling him to step lightly, they crept on tiptoe into the entry. Walter listened a moment at the kitchen door, then opened it, exclaiming, —

“Hope you haven’t eat it all up.”

Such a hubbub you never saw. At a table running the whole length of the great kitchen were seated no less than ten persons. The Grifpins always calculated to get together in haying, if it was possible, and have a jolly time of it, and

the whole family were there except Henry, who was on board ship in Boston, and Walter. There was also some hired help, making a great household. Joe, having cut his own hay, had come home to help his father; Will had left the store; and there they were, about as rugged, resolute, jolly, and light-hearted a crew, from the eldest to the youngest, as you could find in three towns.

Rising from table with a shout, they crowded around Walter. It was, "Where did you come from?" and "When did you come?" and "How did you get here and nobody know it?" and "Where is Henry?" Winthrop embraced his legs, and Edmund clasped him around the waist, while Walter took Willie, trembling and frightened at the outcry, and at the sight of Edmund Griffin, senior, — for he had never before seen so large and rough-looking a man, — up in his arms for protection.

"Where did you get this boy?" said the father.

"Picked him up. Did you ever see him before?"

"No, not as I know on; but he favors the Godsoes — looks, for all the world, like old Uncle Ed. Shouldn't wonder if it was one of his

grandchildren; they've grown out of my knowledge. Shouldn't wonder if 'twas Mary's boy—she that married John Potter.”

“He's frightened, poor little fellow,” said Mrs. Griffin. “What's your name, little boy?”

“Willie Godsoe.”

“Mother,” said Walter, “this is John Godsoe's boy, and I'm taking him to the old folks. Now give me some supper, for I must go right down there. I'll tell you all about it another time.”

“Well, sartainly. Won't they be glad? And ain't I glad? And won't everybody be glad? Why, the old man hasn't a child in the world looks half so much like him.”

They all sat down to table, Walter placing Willie between himself and his mother. When the clatter of knives and forks began, and attention was no longer directed to him, Willie forgot his fears, began to eat heartily, and exchange glances across the table with Winthrop and Edmund, junior.

“Now, boys,” said Edmund Griffin, “that hay must come off quicker, and another load go in, and the rest be put in bunch.”

“Takes me to pitch hay,” said Joe.

"Willie," said Walter, "don't you want to stay with the boys while I go away a little while?"

Willie hesitated.

"O, yes, Willie," said Winthrop. "You can get up on the mow, see Edmund and me stow away the hay; and I'll show you a swallow's nest, with five eggs in it; and you can ride out on the cart, and ride in on the next load."

This overcame Willie's reluctance, and he put his hand in that of his new friend. As the people in that neighborhood had supper at five in the summer, it was still a long while till dark. Walter hurried across lots to Mr. Godsoe's. Seeing no one out of doors, he entered the kitchen without knocking, and found the old gentleman and his wife at table, who were equally surprised and rejoiced to see him.

"Sit up to table, captain," said the good woman; "I'll have some warm tea in a few minutes."

"I have been to supper, I thank you — have just got up from the table at home. Where is Edward?"

"Down in the field, putting up hay, with the boy."

"What time will he be up?"

"Not till dark."

"Got any hired girl?"

"Sally Higgins is goin' to stay with us till arter September; but her brother cut himself with a scythe, and she had to go home for a week; that's how I came here; should have been in the field with Edward, but I stopped to help milk."

"Then the coast is clear, and we can talk. I've got some news to tell you."

"I hope it's good news. Good news has been scarce with us these many years."

After hesitating a moment, Walter resolved to tell the best news first, upon the principle of strengthening the patient to undergo amputation, and replied, —

"I have seen John."

"Seen him!" cried the mother, dropping on the floor the plate she was in the act of wiping.

"Seen my boy!" cried the father; "then he's alive, arter so many years, thank God."

"He's alive and well, and well to do — worth property; owns a plantation in Martinique. I've been at his house twice, and staid more than a week."

"Is this you, Ed Godsoe?" cried the happy,

bewildered old man, giving himself a hearty blow on the thigh, "or is it somebody else that's hearing all this good news?"

"No, it's your own self, husband," said his wife; "and it's what the good Lord has sent to comfort us in our old age."

They had now drawn their chairs close to Walter, one on each side, and were looking him in the face, the tears of gratitude and joy streaming down their cheeks.

"That is not all: he is a praying man; I know he is, for I have prayed with him, and heard him pray."

"Then if he is a good man, and no further off than Martinique," said the father, "where vessels are going from this and other places along shore so often, why is it that he has not written to us? And why did he deny his name to Tom Banister when he met him in the West Indies with Pete Clash?"

"It is but a very short time ago that he reformed his life, and the news I bring is the first fruits of it. I have told you the best; you must now prepare to hear the worst."

"I'm sure," said the mother, "we ought to be

willing to, after hearing so much better news than we ever expected to hear."

"John has been a bad, very bad man."

"Well," said the father, "he was a disobedient boy, and kept bad company; liked it better than good, and was left to himself. But when and where did he part company with Pete Clash? He could not get any good while hand and glove with him."

"They never parted company till death parted them."

"You don't mean to say that my son was on board that pirate with Clash?"

Walter shut the doors, and returning said, —

"I *must* say so. He was the Richard Arkwright I let go. But God has forgiven him, and so must you."

The father groaned aloud. The mother, covering her face in her apron, sobbed audibly, and Walter mingled his tears with theirs.

"To think," at length replied the mother, "that I should nourish such a viper in my bosom, to murder my neighbors' children! What would Mrs. Blaisdell and poor Sam Elwell's mother say? They would curse me and mine with their last breath."

After this exclamation, wrung from the agony of the mother, there was a painful silence. The father sat bending forward, with clasped hands, as though in the act of mental prayer, while the mother concealed her face in her hands. The measured tick of the clock in the next room sounded unusually loud, and the low murmur of the breeze among the leaves of a hop-vine that grew beside the door was distinctly audible in the silence that was now becoming oppressive.

"Sarah," said the father, at length, "man may not curse whom God has forgiven."

Walter improved the opportunity to produce the letter he had received from Godsoe. Mr. Godsoe gave it back, saying, "Captain, there need be no secrets between us. John certainly owes his life, and I think, under God, his salvation, to you. Read it to us."

There was an expression of sorrow and heartfelt agony in every line, when referring to his past life, and asking forgiveness, that, as Walter afterwards told John Rhines, "was enough to melt a heart of stone," much more that of a parent. Their tears flowed freely during the reading, which seemed to afford them relief.

When Walter read that part of the letter in which Godsoe spoke of the Christian character of his wife, said "that he resigned the child to them, and begged them to bring him up as their own, and trusted he would not abuse, as his father had done, the privileges he would enjoy," the grandmother inquired, —

"Where is the child?"

"At our house, playing with our boys."

"How old is he?"

"Six, — most seven."

"How old was he when his mother was taken away?"

"I don't know how old he was. I have an idea not more than two years."


"Poor little thing! And what became of him when his mother was dead and his father gone to sea?"

"John has got a negro for overseer who is a Christian man, — one of the best of men, — and a negro woman to keep house, who, as far as kindness goes, couldn't be beat; but they lived in a valley among the mountains, and the child, except when his father was at home, has kept company only with the negroes, while his mother was an educated, intelligent, Christian woman."

"Captain," said the grandfather, at length rousing himself, "ever since I knew that Clash was master of that brigantine, I've somehow or other had a dread that John was on board of her, and that you and John Rhines knew more than you let on. I thought you kept out of my way, and that John kept something back when I talked with him. Does Danforth Eaton know this, or Lancaster?"

"No person in the States knows it except myself, and John Rhines, and you, and his mother. It was John who discovered him when wounded in the vessel. I never should have known him."

"Well, wife, it is all clear to my mind that all we have to do, and all that's left for us to do, is to forget the past, if we can, forgive, as we hope to be forgiven, and do our duty by this little innocent child, who I feel I am going to take to my heart, and love and pity as I never loved a child before. There is nothing in this letter, that refers to his past life, that would lead anybody to think he had been anything more than a wicked, unruly boy. I shall show it to Edward and the other children. The rest of the matter we shall carry to the grave with us."



“You are right, husband, and I’m an ungrateful woman to say what I did — ungrateful to God, ungrateful to Captain Griffin. Only think! if he had been taken away in the act of murder, or have taken his own life, or been hung without repentance! while it seems, from that letter, that if ever a man repented and obtained forgiveness of God, he has. And I’m sure the little dear child ain’t in any manner to blame. But do you think, captain, he will be contented here with us old folks, after being with the little negroes out there, and so many round him on board the vessel?”

“I think he will. He is a most affectionate child. Everything will be new to him. He will find plenty to do and see.”

Walter then told them about the money their son had sent, and seeing that the old gentleman hesitated to reply, said, —

“John said that this money did not come by piracy, and that he should never send you any that did. He has proceeds from his plantation property left him by his father-in-law, Mr. Livingston, and money that he earned at sea previous to his engaging in piracy.”

“I think, captain,” said the grandmother, “you

had better not bring the little boy to-night, though I long to set eyes on him; we are all stirred up, and feel so tried and flustered! In the morning we shall be settled down, and Edward will be here, and think of something to amuse him right off, the moment he gets here."

"I was landed at the old wood landing, and made my way directly here. The boys will go down, haul up your stuff and Willie's, with mine, and put it in the barn. Edward can come up in the morning and get it."

Walter then took his leave. When he reached home it was dark. He found Willie in high feather, his lips and fingers red with strawberry juice. Clambering up in Walter's lap, he whispered in his ear, inquiring if he could "sleep with Winthrop."

From the day he came on board the Osprey, he had slept in a little berth on the transom, beside Walter, and within reach of his arm, in order that he might cover him up, if the bed-clothes got off in the night. Receiving an affirmative answer, he said, —

"Won't you feel lonesome, captain, not to have your little boy?"

‘No, I shan’t feel lonesome ; but you must say your prayers to Winthrop.’”

“Won’t you put me to bed, so I can say my prayers to you, just as I always do?”

Walter gratified him, feeling, as he left the room, that he should sadly miss the little boy so long under his charge.

CHAPTER V.

WILLIE IN HIS NEW HOME.

EDWARD GODSOE, having considerable hay to put up, worked till the stars came out. Great was his surprise when, on reaching home, he found his parents in the barn-yard, milking.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed; "what are you out here at this time of night for?"

"Just take the piggin there by the barn door, and milk the line-backed cow, and I'll tell you as soon as we get into the house."

When the milking was finished, Mr. Godsoe showed his son the letter, and then repeated to him all the information he had obtained from Walter. They then began to consult in regard to the little boy who was coming in the morning to make his home with them.

"Poor little thing!" said the grandmother;

"I'm afraid he won't be contented, — no children, only us two old people, and Edward, — after being with so many aboard the vessel; and then, coming right from Edmund Griffin's, where there's a great household, everything snapping and tearing, and boys up to something the whole during time. 'Pears to me 'twill be so still here, he will be homesick, and cry his eyes out."

"Then, Sarah, all the way for us to do is to forget our age, and tear round, too; 'specially if we're going to grow young again and have a child in our arms. I'll risk but what he'll be contented arter he gets acquainted; all the trouble will be the first going off. We must manage somehow to give him the right cant the very first time he steps over the threshold; then everything'll go straight arter that."

"I'll manage that, father," said Edward. "Didn't you say that the Griffins were going to haul up the things, and put 'em in their barn to-night, and then in the morning Walter was going to bring the little boy here?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll fix a plan worth two of that. If Captain Griffin comes down here with the boy

in that stiff kind of a way, then when he comes to leave, the child'll want to go with him, and when he finds he can't, he'll cry, and there will be tears, to begin with. Now I'll get up early, put the cattle on the cart, and be up to Edmund's to breakfast; then I can become acquainted with the child; he will be pleased with the notion of riding down on the cart with me, — children always like that, — and there will be no parting from Walter. He will leave them all together, and won't be troubled about it."

"I guess you are right, Edward," said the grandmother; and after some little more planning between the old folks in respect to the reception of this important personage, they retired to rest.

Whether there was anything in a family resemblance, or the sound of Edward's voice, reminding him of his father, it is not easy to say; but when Willie was told that Edward was his uncle, — his father's brother, — he went right to him, with all the confidence imaginable, and clambered up in his lap. After looking at him a while, Willie said, —

"You are handsome — handsome as cookie."

This made a great laugh, and Willie, thinking

he had said a good thing, felt quite grand. Every one Willie liked was handsome to him, and he loved the cook through and through, the color not being in the least objectionable.

Willie sat between Captain Griffin and his uncle at breakfast, and seemed very happy. After this he helped load the cart,—or thought he did, which answered just as well,—and was mightily pleased when his uncle told him what a smart boy he was. Edward, when the loading was finished, cut a long switch for him, and placed him in the front part of the cart, where he could reach the oxen with it, and help drive.

When they were ready to start, Walter slipped out of the way, and Willie was so much taken up with his switch, and with driving the oxen, that, as no one bade him good by, he never thought of it,—probably thought he was only going to see his grandfather, and come back. So away they went, Willie shouting to the cattle, and chattering all the time.

“Uncle, did you play with my father when you was little?”

“Yes.”

“What did you do?”

"We found hens' nests in the barn, and we had little chickens, and lambs, and calves, and played in the woods, and went strawberrying, and beech-nutting, and acorning, and went fishing, and lots of things."

"Can I do just as you and father did?"

"Yes; when you get big enough you can go and find the eggs for your grandma'am, after we get home, and then you can play in the hay, and get strawberries; and when we haul in hay this afternoon you can ride on the cart and I'll show you something."

"What will you show me?"

"O, something real nice."

"I'll show *you* something real nice, when I get my cannon, what cookie made me; I'll show you how I make a bang, and shoot the Frenchmen."

"Shoot Frenchmen! O, my!"

"Yes; burn, sink, and destroy. That's what Mr. Lancaster said; and cookie said, 'Blow 'em out the water.'"

"As they approached the house, Edward said,—

"There's your grandpa now; and only see what he's got—a cosset lamb."

"What's a cosset lamb?"

"A lamb that its mother died when it was a baby, and we fed it with milk, and put it in a basket of wool in the chimney corner, and so it's tame, just like a little dog, and follows us all round. And here comes grandma'am, too, and she's going to feed the hens."

When the old gentleman came to take him off the cart, Willie went right to him. Then he wanted to see the cosset lamb. It was a late lamb, and quite small. Then he wanted to help his grandmother feed the hens; so she held the dish, and he flung the corn, and clapped his hands to see the fowl run after it.

"Little blessing," said she, "looks just as his father did when he was a child. What a bright, loving little thing he is!"

Willie now had business enough, seeing the cart unloaded, getting his playthings, and giving oranges, cocoa-nuts, jellies, plantain, and bananas to his grandparents, Uncle Edward, and Thomas Colcord, who was hired to work in haying. His grandmother gave him a little bed-room for his own, and cleared out a chest of drawers for him to put all his playthings in. The arrangement of his things, carrying them up stairs, and talking

about them with his grandmother, occupied the greater part of the forenoon.

"Gran'ma'am," he said, when out of employment, "can't I find the eggs, just as father and Uncle Edward used to?"

"Yes, child; but I must go with you, because you can't open the barn door. Soon as I wash these potatoes, and put them in the pot, we'll go."

They went to the barn, and Willie crawled into the holes behind the braces, where the hens had made their nests; and granny put him up on the mow, where they found more eggs.

"I guess we've got them all. Now we'll go. I must see to my dinner."

"Wait a minute, gran'ma'am."

There was an old sleigh in one corner of the mow, filled with bundles of flax. Willie crept under it, and presently screamed out, —

"O, gran'ma'am, see the eggs. There's a bushel."

"I guess not, dear — so many as that."

Willie handed them to his grandmother, and she put them in a hole in the hay. There were three dozen.

"O, what a nice boy to find eggs! I expect

three or four hens laid in that nest. Here, dear, put one back."

"What for, gran'ma'am?"

"'Cause, if you take them all, the hens will go and lay somewhere else and perhaps we shan't find 'em."

"Gran'ma'am, you couldn't have got the eggs, could you, if there wasn't any little boy like I?"

"No, dear; I couldn't get under the sleigh. I must go in and get a basket to put all these eggs in. I can't carry half of them in my apron."

Willie had a great story to tell, when his grandfather and uncle came home to dinner, about what he and gran'ma'am had done.

"Willie," said his uncle, "there's a hen wants to set. Don't you want me to set her for you? And then the chickens will be yours."

Willie was delighted with this, and went with his uncle to put the eggs under the hen. He now went down in the field with his uncle, grandfather, and the hired man, rolled over on the hay, chatted, and picked strawberries, till they began to haul in; then he had a grand time riding on the loads; and when night came, the pigs were to be fed, the calf suckled, and the cows milked, in

all of which he took part, and, as he flattered himself, a most important part, too. The calf slobbered his face, chewed his jacket collar, and licked his hands with his rough tongue, till Willie was glad to leave him alone. By sundown, what with clambering on the mow, treading the soft hay with his little short legs, and running about generally, he was so tired and sleepy as not to concern himself in the least where he should sleep, or whom he should sleep with. - All he cared about was to get to bed, and he fell asleep in his grandmother's lap by the time she got him undressed, when she deposited him safely in bed. The next morning he wanted to go barefoot.

"O, no, dear," said his grandmother; "you'll stick stubs in your feet, and hurt you."

"Yes, he did want to go barefoot. The Griffin boys did, and he wanted to."

"Let him go barefoot," said the grandfather, "if he wants to. Our boys all did, and John wants him brought up just like the rest; that's the way to make a good hard man of him. When I was a boy, I never got any shoes till the middle or last of November, and used to slide on the ice barefoot."

Willie would stub his toes, run splinters in his feet, and cry, and his grandmother would pick them out, and coax him to put on his shoes; but he braved it out, and soon made his feet so hard that there was no further trouble.

The next thing he wanted to do was to go in swimming. To gratify him, his grandfather sent Tom Colcord to the marsh with him, where the water was warm. When Tom came back, he said, "The little toad can swim like a fish." In the warm climate of the West Indies, he and the little negroes were in the water half the time. Aunt Dinah and Nicholas had taught him to swim almost as soon as he could walk, and his grandparents dismissed their fears in regard to Willie's being discontented.

"Wife," said Uncle Godsoe, "we ought to send the little boy to the summer school."

"I'll never send a child to school that don't know his letters. I'll larn him his letters this summer, and we'll send him in the winter. Edward or you can carry him in the sleigh when the snow is deep, or it storms."

After Willie had been the best part of a week at his grandfather's, he was out one afternoon

picking berries, when all at once it came into his little head that he wanted to go and see Winthrop Griffin, and tell him about the eggs he found under the sleigh, and the hen his uncle had set for him, and many other matters of equal importance. He could see Winthrop's house, that stood on a hill, and away he went. When Willie arrived at the bottom of the hill, there were two tracks, — one a wide cart road, with deep ruts, and very rough, the other a narrow footpath that skirted the base of the hill, and went down into the pasture where Frank Merrithew (Black Frank) had a small house on Edmund Griffin's land, Mr. Griffin permitting him to live there rent free, and pasture a cow in his lot.

Willie did not know but all roads led to the same place, and, as this little path was the smoothest and prettiest to walk in, he took it. He kept going and going, wondered what had become of Winthrop's house, and was beginning to be frightened, when he saw in the distance a house, and, close to it, three little black boys, playing and making a mud dam across a little stream of water that ran down the side of the hill.

The moment Willie caught sight of those black

faces, — black as soot itself, black as those of Nato and Johnny, — he was happy enough, forgot Winthrop Griffin, and everything else, ran right in among them, and offered them all the strawberries he had in his pail. The little darkies ate the strawberries, and invited him to play with them, and Willie went to tugging mud in his pail, to make the dam.

The afternoon was pretty well spent, when Rachel, Frank's wife, — a very large, black, and fat negress, but a good soul as ever lived, — came out to see to her children. When Willie saw her, he almost thought it was Aunt Dinah, whom she resembled in size, and the manner in which she showed her teeth when she laughed, and felt perfectly at home with Rachel.

“What you name, you leetle boy?”

“Willie Godsoe.”

“How ole you is, sonny?”

“Six years old.”

“Where you fader lib?”

“My father lives in Martinique.”

“O, kye! den you's de leetle boy I hear tell 'bout — John Godsoe's child. Did you come in de vessel, sonny, wid Cap'n Griffin?”

"Yes, I came in the Osprey with Captain Griffin, and Henry, and Mr. Lancaster."

"Den you come wid my ole man."

Seeing that Willie did not understand, she said,

"Was dey black man in de vessel?"

"Yes, cookie; I love cookie."

"Does you? God bless you, you leetle dear. Cookie's my ole man; he dese boys' fader."

"I love cookie; he made me cannon, shoot Frenchmens; I get in cookie's lap, and he sing to me. I don't know the way home. I want to see my gran'ma'am, and gran'pa, and Uncle Edward."

And Willie began to cry.

"Dunno cry, sonny; Ise go home wid you."

Rachel took him into the house, washed his face and hands, that were plastered with mud, combed his hair, washed his tin pail, gave him a drink of milk and some sweet cake, and then she and the children started on the way home with him. As they were going along, Willie told her about Aunt Dinah, Nato, Johnny, William, and Nicholas. He also told her about Aunt Dinah's little Qua, and his goats, and the monkey, and how much he helped his gran'pa, and how he brought in wood

for gran'ma, and water in his little pail. They soon met Edward, who, having missed, was coming in search of him.

"Where have you been, Willie?" said his uncle.

"I've been to see Winnie, and tell him about how I helped find the eggs for gran'ma, and about my hen, and the bossy calf. I couldn't find Winnie's house, and Willie was afraid; then I seed cookie's little boys, Sammy, and Peter, and Henry; then I wasn't afraid any more. We played make a dam, and Aunt Rachel gave me cake."

"Wasn't you afraid of this great big woman?"

"Willie ain't afraid of Aunt Rachel. We've got Aunt Rachel. She picks coffee, but Aunt Dinah don't; she works in the house, with Luna. Aunt Dinah makes cakes for Willie, and Nato, and Johnny. I love Aunt Rachel, and Sammy, and Peter, and Johnny."

"So you does, sonny. You's best leetle darlin' ever was in dis world. You come see Aunt Rachel ag'in; den when cookie comes, he sing you leetle song, and play on his fiddle."

"I'm sure," said Edward, "I don't know who or what he don't love. I never saw a child so full of love as he is."

“He’s comical leetle ting. Allers so, Massa Edward, wid de leetle chil’n. Dey lub eberyting, tink eberybody good; dey grow ole, dey grows worser.”

CHAPTER VI.

UNCLE GODSOE NOT ANXIOUS TO DEPART.

“**I** SN’T it queer,” said Edward to his father, “that he should smell them darkies out so quick, and draw a bee line for Frank Merrithew’s? He took to those little nigs like a duck to water. He can understand their lingo better than he can you or me; and he had Rachel by the hand, coming along and chattering just as though she had been his mother. The Griffin boys won’t be anywhere, now he’s found out the darkies.”

“Well, he was brought up amongst ’em. I s’pose he was nursed by Aunt Dinah, as he calls her. Frank and Rachel are good honest critters, and larn their children good things. The child will get no harm from them. It’ll sarve to make him contented, and he’ll outgrow ’em bimeby. I’d rather he’d go with them than some white children he’ll come across at school.”

That night, at twelve o'clock, came a south-east storm, with a driving rain. There were a good many nests of eave-swallows on the barn, and one of them, at the corner of the barn, that was exposed to the full force of the rain, fell to the ground by reason of the soaking of the clay.

When Willie went out, after the storm was over, he found the nest on the ground, and the old birds flying around it in the greatest anxiety on account of their young. He came running to his grandfather in distress and tears, sobbing as though his heart would break, told him all about it, got hold of his hand, dragged him to the place, and wanted him to put it up again.

"I can't put it up, Willie. I couldn't make it stick, if I did."

Willie thought it was very strange, and ran to his Uncle Edward, who said the same, but perceiving how much the little boy was grieved, told him he would see what he could do. So, putting a ladder up to the eaves, he found, upon close examination, a last year's nest that was empty, removed the old lining that was hard and dry, put in its place that of the nest which had fallen, and, taking the young ones in his hat, put them in.

The moment he took the ladder away, the mother went into the nest and hovered them, her head sticking out of the little hole in the side, looking happy and satisfied, while her mate, perching close by, kept up a gentle twittering.

"What does he say, Uncle Edward?" said Willie.

"He says Willie's a good little boy, and he loves him, because he got his uncle to put his children in a new house."

"I guess the little children feel glad. They don't cry a bit now, 'cause their mother hugs 'em up."

Having seen Willie safely bestowed, and very happy with his grandparents and uncle, let us follow the movements of Captain Griffin, the knowledge of whose arrival had been till this time confined to his own family and the Godsoes. Rising from the breakfast table, he proceeded to visit his owners, and, in the first place, to call on Captain Rhines. He saw, as he approached, the captain opening some bunches of hay that stood close to the fence, in a field near his house.

"You good old soul," said Walter to himself, as he caught glimpses of the familiar form; "don't

I love and honor you? You're just like a living spring, that waters the whole neighborhood. My own father couldn't have been kinder to me, and couldn't have done half so much for me as you have; and not only for me, but a score of others. There's never a young man willing to help himself but you are ready to put your shoulder under him, and give him a lift. You're a kind of special providence. Captains grow up round you like grass on the edges of a brook. What they don't know you can tell 'em; what they haven't got you can put 'em in the way of getting."

The subject of this hearty eulogy had just stuck his pitchfork into the top of a bunch of hay, when Captain Griffin, leaning over the fence, said, —

"Looks like a first-rate hay day, captain."

Dropping his fork in amazement, the captain whirled round, and extending both hands over the fence to grasp those of his young friend, exclaimed, —

"Walter Griffin, where in the name of wonder did you drop from?"

"The last port I left was mother's breakfast table."

"How's the health?"

"Excellent."

"Where's the vessel?"

"Tied up to Long Wharf, in Boston, with a rousing cargo of rum, indigo, coffee, cocoa, log-wood, and ginger that I went up a river after, boated down, and got dog cheap."

"Did you bring all the boys home?"

"Every one. There hasn't a man lost a meal's victuals since we left home."

"That's the best part of the whole. Get over the fence, and let us go to the house."

"But you want to open the hay."

"Let somebody else open it."

"I should like to know," said the captain, after they were seated in the house, "how you got here without anybody's knowing it."

"I came in a vessel that belongs up the bay, and they set me ashore at the old wood landing."

"When did they set you ashore?"

"Between four and five, yesterday afternoon."

"Then why didn't you come down before?"

"Because I had more important business."

"Upon my word! Some young woman in the wind, I reckon."

"Captain, John Godsoe has turned up."

"Turned up where? At the end of a halter?"

"No, sir; as a planter, in Martinique—a steady, well-to-do man. I've been in his house, and staid several days. His wife is dead, and left one child, and I have brought him over to his grandfather."

And Walter related the particulars.

"I wish I had been there when they heard the news and got the boy."

"Tell *me* some news. Where are Ned Gates, and Dick Cameron, and Captain Murch?"

"Captain Murch has gone in the Casco to Antigua, and Ned and Cameron to the same port, in the Massachusetts, formerly Languedoc."

"What is Charlie Bell doing?"

"Building a vessel for Cameron."

"And Lion Ben?"

"O, he and Sally are in their paradise on Elm Island, raising deer, and corn, and apples, and pears, and plums, and don't care whether the rest of the world sink or swim. I tell you what it is, my lad, a man must be happy who has a clear conscience, land that'll bear anything he puts into it, money enough for all his needs, a likely family of boys,—not a poor shote among 'em,—the best wife that ever was, plenty of sea fowl to shoot

right afore his own door, no neighbors' cattle to bother him, no lying or tattling round him, don't want to hurt anybody, and is so stout nobody can hurt him. If he ain't, he must be a fool, and Ben is a good ways from being a fool."

"How many deer has he got?"

"I don't know; lots of 'em. They have bred like rabbits, as everything does there, and the coons are so plenty they eat half his corn up. He's going to invite the whole neighborhood to come on this fall and shoot 'em—make a real scrape of it. Then Charlie, he's got a lot of bears and foxes on Wolf Island, and he's going in for raising bears. I think strongly of raising wild geese; then we shall have all the game we want."

"Which way do you think of sending the vessel next?"

"Haven't thought much about it. What's the prospect out there?"

"Business was slack there when I came away. Plenty of American vessels there. Godsoe says they will soon consume what they've got, and send it to other places where they have troops and ships to victual; that during the hurricane months no vessels will come, and the first ones that get

there after that time will find high prices and a quick sale."

"There's one thing sartin, you ain't goin' to Martinique in the hurricane months, or to any West India island this time of year. It's a miracle that you could go up a river, boat down cargo, and come away without losing half the crew. We'll bring the vessel home, and let her lay till we think it's about the right time to start, and in the mean time be picking up a cargo. You can see the folks, pick strawberries, get the salt junk out of you, and help your father hay, for I know you want to."

Such a buzzing of tongues, such guessings and surmisings, as went around at Pleasant Cove and Rhinesville, when it became known that John Godsoe had turned up; sent his little boy to his father to bring up and put to school; had sent him money, and sugar, and coffee, and lots of things; money to pay the child's board, and for his clothes and schooling besides; and how he had written a real good letter to the old folks, telling them how sorry he was for all the trouble and anxiety he had caused them, and made restitution to Parson Goodhue, Hannah Murch, and old Mrs.

Yelf for tricks he had played on them, and things he had taken from them when a boy, — were really wonderful, and the hubbub it created, coming right in haying time, seriously interrupted work. It was well for Lion Ben that, living on Elm Island, he got his hay in before the news reached that sequestered spot.

Charlie Bell was also opening hay that morning, for they had “knocked off” work in the ship-yard during haying. Walter, getting sight of Charlie, first buried himself in a bunch of hay, and when Charlie began to open it, jumped up in his face. Thus he went round surprising folks, eating and sleeping just where he happened to fall in at night or meal times, and having the best time imaginable.

“I am just like an old turkey,” said Walter, “that roosts wherever night overtakes her.”

It was quite interesting to note how many prophets there were after the event; how many people “always knew it would turn out so,” and that old Father Godsoe’s prayers would be answered; how many who, in the light of present circumstances, recollected that “John was not such a bad boy, after all; that it was a good deal on the outside.”

Even those who had always prophesied that he would come to the gallows now said, "they always knew that John was a good boy at heart, but was led away by Pete Clash; that the old man was as much to blame as the boy, for John was high-spirited and high-lifed, and the old man made no allowance, but kept his nose right down to the grindstone, and kept him all the time riled up, and willing to do anything to get away from home."

When Walter came to perform the errands Godsoe had intrusted to him, he found that Hannah Murch could not remember Uncle Isaac's losing the red chalk, nor Parson Goodhue the affair of the grindstone that was put into his saddle-bags; but his wife did. Mrs. Yelf, however, remembered when her husband's face was painted like an Indian's, and the awful fright it gave her; for the old lady was quite a girl in the old Indian scalping times, and had a dread of Indians, as was the case with all who grew up in that day.

Great as was the effect produced in the community by the events narrated, in respect to Uncle Godsoe it was still more marked after the first excitement was over, and the constant presence

of the child began to draw out feelings and sympathies that, beneath the deadening pressure of corroding fear and anxiety, had become benumbed. Perhaps we cannot better illustrate it than by relating a conversation that took place between Edward Godsoe and Parson Goodhue.

The parson was on his way from the blacksmith's shop, where he had been to get his horse shod, when he met Edward coming towards it on the same errand.

"Edward," said the parson, "if half I have heard this morning at the smith's shop is true, your father will say, with good old Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'"

"O, no, Mr. Goodhue; the last thing father or mother either thinks about now is *departing*. Father used to talk in that way, and say oftentimes that he was not long for this world; and didn't seem to take much interest in anything, or to care much about the crops, or the cattle; but he's right up a tree now, seems made all over, and is planning where to break up for corn next year, and about building stone wall on the line 'twixt

us and Edmund Griffin's, and having a wharf at the shore, and I don't know what all. The next morning after Willie came, he flung his cane over the top of the house. It lodged in the sweet apple tree, and he said it might stay there till he wanted it, for 'twas more work to lug it about, and more bother, than 'twas worth. I'm expecting every day when he'll throw away his glasses."

"You surprise me; for he has been very much bent over of late, and seemed to me quite feeble."

"Feeble! He's straightened right up. I haven't known him to mow a clip this seven years; but last night he got on to the horse, went to the store, and bought a new scythe; this morning he ground it, and has gone to mowing. I expect he'll drive me out of my swarth (swath) yet, for father hasn't got a boy in the world that can mow as he could when he was in his prime."

"Well, Edward, tell your father I heartily rejoice with him and your mother—he don't need to be told that. And tell him I am coming to have a thanksgiving with them. We must all grow old, according to the course of nature; but trouble had made your father and mother (especially your father) prematurely old. He was

older in spirit than in years, but this good news, and the company of the little child, will take some of the wrinkles out of his face, and add ten years to his life."

"You don't know what a different house this little fellow has made of it. Before, father and mother were gloomy and down to heel. That made *me* feel kind of sad. The house was just like some place that's been shut up, and young people didn't like to come, because all the old folks cared to talk about was their troubles; but this child is trotting all over the house, into everything and up to everything, just like a sunbeam shining into a dark room, and mother has her hands full learning him his letters, spinning and coloring yarn to weave into cloth, and knit up into mittens and stockings for him next winter."

Sewall Lancaster, the mate of the Osprey, had received a letter from Captain Griffin to bring the vessel home as soon as she was discharged. He had also made arrangements for freight belonging to parties at Pleasant Cove and Rhinesville, sufficient for ballast. The mate and crew, eager to get home, exerted themselves to the utmost to finish discharging; the last hogshead of sugar was

lying under the hatchway, and the can-hooks were already on it, when the mate sang out, —

“Cook, we’ve hooked on to the last cask; can’t you give us a song?”

“Ise be dar, Massa Lancaster, soon I put dis meat in de pot.”

Henry Griffin laid a plank across the main hatchway for the cook to stand upon, to raise him above the rest, and that worthy, flinging off his apron and his occupation together, gave utterance to a melody that soon brought the cask leaping up the hatchway, while masts and spars kept time, quivering at every pull.

SONG.

“Strike de music, call de mourners,
O, ho! you mos’ done;
Charlie’s died o’ h’istin’ ’lasses,
O, ho, you mos’ done.

“Don’t you hear de fiddle a playin’?
O, ho, you mos’ done;
Ledle, dedle, ledle, dedle,
O, ho, you mos’ done.

“Don’t you hear de drum a beatin’?
O, ho, you mos’ done;
Rum bum bum bum, rum bum bum bum,
O, ho, you mos’ done.”

Willie was playing in the grass one forenoon, and watching the motions of a pair of robins, who were carrying worms to their young, when he saw at a little distance a turkey stepping very cautiously alongside the wall, her head turned to one side, looking around every time she stepped, and saying, in a low tone, "Quit, quit, quit," — at any rate, Willie thought it sounded as much like that as anything; so he lay close to the ground, and as still as a mouse, watching the turkey. At length she went in behind a bush, and crawled into a hole in the stone wall. Willie crept up and peeked till he saw her tail feathers, then he ran into the house, and told his grandmother.

"You're a nice little boy, Willie," said she. "That turkey has stole her nest. She's got eggs under her, and, if nothing happens to her, will hatch out a lot of little turkeys. They always do first rate when they steal their nest, if the foxes don't get 'em."

Willie felt very proud of this exploit, strutted about a while, and then had to go down in the field, and tell his grandfather. In the afternoon, he was creeping along on his hands and knees at the edge of the corn, in order to catch a bumble-

bee that was buzzing in a pumpkin blossom. Willie was waiting for the bee to get well down into the bottom of the blow, when he meant to squeeze it together, and catch him. Just as he was going to squat, some one behind him said, —

“Dat my sailor boy. Gwine ketch de bumble-bee?”

Turning round, he beheld the shining, black face of his stanch friend, Frank Merrithew.

“Cookie, cookie,” he cried; and running to the black, hugged him, and in every conceivable manner expressed his delight.

“Glad to see you ole shipmate, you leetle bless-in’? Hab nice time ’long you gran’fader? Play in de green grass?”

“Willie loves cookie.”

“Stick to dat, sonny, ’cause dat’s de trufe. Allers stick to de trufe.”

“Willie loves Rachel, and Sammy, and Peter, and Henry. We played make a dam, and Aunt Rachel give Willie a piece of cake.”

“So you does, you leetle dear. You lub everybody, lub eberyting. Cookie make you cornstalk fiddle. Morrow mornin’ you go board de vessel wid cookie, git his tings; den me gib you oranges,

plantain, good tings; den you come down to cookie's house; Aunty Rachel make you cocoa-nut pie, banana fritters. O, kye."

Willie refused to let cookie go till he had seen all his things, which comprised nearly everything on the premises, — hens, hogs, sheep, and cattle, — and occupied all the rest of the day.

CHAPTER VII.

AN ORIGINAL WASH-TUB.


AFTER haying was over, Mr. Godsoe and his wife were going to visit their son Isaac, and Willie had the promise of going with them. He was very anxious to go, because there were little children there of his own age, or thereabouts; and besides, he was to ride in his grandmother's lap, on horseback, she sitting on a pillion, behind her husband, as was the custom in those days. This Willie thought would be grand, and he had been counting the days in eager expectation. The happy period came at last, and the morning dawned beautifully; but alas! just as Edward was about to put the saddle on the horse, old Granddaddy Bagley and wife — she was an own sister to Mrs. Godsoe — rode up to the door for a three days' visit.

Mr. Godsoe and his wife were rejoiced to see

them, for it was long since they had met, and told Willie he could go to his uncle Isaac's just as well the next week. But this by no means suited Willie, who wanted to go *then*, and to whom next week seemed equivalent to never. He cared not one straw for old Daddy Bagley, who was very old, and had to be helped off the horse; and he cried, and took on bitterly. Finally, his grandmother told him, if he wouldn't cry any more, he should go down to cookie's after dinner. Upon this Willie brightened up, and ran off to hunt eggs.

Under ordinary circumstances, his grandmother would have put his old clothes on him, to go to cookie's; but having company to provide for, and her girl absent, she could not spare the time; so, after dinner, Willie set out for cookie's, his grandmother charging him, as he left the house, "not to get his best clothes dirty, and be sure to keep out of the mud and water, and not build any more dams."

When he arrived at the house, he found Frank and Rachel had gone to visit another negro family — that of James Peterson, a familiar name to many of our readers; thus the children had it all



their own way, and were at perfect liberty to do what seemed right in their own eyes.

The little blacks received Willie with the utmost cordiality, and were desirous worthily to entertain their guest. As they knew he on the other occasion had a good time playing build dam, Peter proposed that they should build another.

"Gran'ma'am said I mustn't build any more dams," said Willie.

Cut off in this direction, the little darkies cast about for the next best thing. Frank's house stood at the head of a large cove, where the water was shoal, and the ebb tide left bare a vast extent of flats. The surface of this level was composed of a greasy clay and slime, very slippery, with here and there a mussel bed or patch of clam shells, insomuch that the inhabitants, when coming up the bay in a canoe, wherry, or other flat-bottomed craft, with a fair and very strong wind, having no load, and but one person in the boat, could often, after leaving the water, keep right on to the shore, the slime serving instead of water, unless they ran upon a bunch of clam shells or mussels; then they had to get out and push.

You may be sure the Griffin boys were not

ignorant of this fact, and it was a favorite lark of theirs, when the tide was out, and the wind blew "like scissors,"—for a strong wind was needed,—to haul their wherry off on the flats, put the sail up,—one of them; two, if the wind was very strong,—get in, and steer by putting an oar on the mud, while the others gave a parting shove. As the wherry would only go right before the wind, they, after reaching the bank, must haul her back. But don't boys, when they coast, always have to haul the sled up hill?

Sometimes, when in full career, they would bring up on clam shells, eel grass, or a bunch of kelps, or an old log, bedded in the mud. Sometimes, in spite of the helmsman, she would "broach to," and she has been known to plunge into a guzzle (creek), and pitch her crew head foremost into the mud and water; but with a wide-awake and well-made-up boy these trifles only add interest and variety. If they don't, it is a sign that he ought to be *reconstructed*.

Directly in front of Frank's house, with the exception of a few rods along the beach, that was strewn with shells, chips, and sea-weed, was a broad area of—O, the most greasy slime, on

which there were neither shells, sunken logs, nor any kind of obstruction whatever.

The little darkies had no wherry, and, if they had possessed one, could not have managed her; but they had originated a sport peculiarly their own, which they were exceeding fond of, and in which practice had made them perfect; to wit, sliding on the flats, as on ice. They would start with a run on the hard beach, and then scoot away on the slippery mud at a great rate. At times they would come across a flounder, an eel, or a razor fish, which increased the interest.

Peter, anxious that Willie should enjoy himself, now proposed to slide on the flats. Willie had forgotten his grandmother's injunction in respect to keeping out of the mud and water — thought, as it was not making a dam, there could be no harm, and readily assented to he knew not what.

He was dressed in white linen trousers, white stockings, and red morocco shoes, a light blue jacket of thicker cloth, to which his trousers buttoned, vest and jacket being in one, and the jacket set with bright bell buttons, and a starched linen ruffle sewed to the collar of it.

The feet of the blacks, who had been barefoot

ever since April, were as hard as horn, and they found not the least difficulty in running over the shells, chips, and other sharp things that strewed the beach between the bank and the mud; but after Willie had run a few times, he could stand it no longer, and was obliged to put on his shoes and stockings.

The darkies, limber as eels, and used to maintaining their balance on the treacherous mud, seldom fell, and then only on their hands and knees; but Willie measured his length again and again, falling forward, and filling his mouth, nostrils, and eyes with mud; then backward; his hat, that was made of pasteboard, the rim rolled up at each side, and the whole covered with red morocco, frequently fell off, became covered with mud, and soaked with water. Willie, nevertheless, stuck to it, till the tide flowing put an end to the sport.

The excitement over, both Willie and his sable friends began to realize the pickle he was in, and what his grandmother would be likely to say and do. Willie began to cry.

"Dunno cry, Willie," said Henry; "we wash you."

In the ledge that lined the shore was a hollow, with about a foot of mud in the bottom, and full of water left by the tides. In this pond they laid Willie on his back, and all getting round, began to wash his clothes, still on him. Willie was covered with mud; so were they, and their tramping and splashing of the water stirred up all the mud and sediment on the bottom of the pond, and created a complete mud puddle, as thick as porridge.

When they took him out, he was coated with mud from head to foot, and looked ten times worse than when they put him in. Then he was muddy in spots; now he was all mud; his clothes stuck to his legs, he shivered with cold, and cried to go home, but none of them cared to go with him.

"You go," said Peter to Sam, the youngest.

"I shan't; you's bigger nor me."

"You go, Hen."

"I won't; you go, yourself."

Finally they all concluded to go. As they went along, Willie dripped and dried in the sun and wind till he looked like a dipped candle, only he was dipped in clay, instead of tallow.

The Godsoes were at supper when this discon-

solate troop approached the house, that stood in a large green, some distance from the road, surrounded by fields. The front and end doors opened directly on to this green, the field fences running from the rear of the buildings, and the cattle being driven up the main road to the pasture, that lay back, and was reached by a lane. Thus there was nothing to obstruct the view from the windows in the front portion of the house.

Granny Godsoe was several years younger than her husband, a noble-spirited, motherly dame, of quick sympathies and a kind heart. But she had a sharp temper of her own, that sometimes got the better of her. Concerned about the little boy, she cast frequent glances through the open window, as she was pouring out the tea. Her attention being withdrawn for a moment, when she looked again the little company were within a few feet of the door.

Willie was holding his hat in his hand, it having swollen so much that he couldn't wear it. But alas! its glory had vanished, being battered, incrustated with mud, and the rim on one side soaked off; the linen ruffle his grandmother had been at so great pains to starch and do up that morning

was now a dirty, black string; the strings of his shoes were gone, permitting the quarters to fall apart, and the space between his foot and the shoe was filled with water and mud, that spurted out whenever he made a step. His jacket of navy blue, made by a French tailor in Martinique, set off with braid and bell buttons, was saturated with mud, and the buttons rusted by the salt water, while his face was streaked, and his nostrils plugged with the same.

"Mercy on us! What does this mean?" screamed granny, rising and rushing to the door, followed by her husband, Edward, and Mrs. Bagley, while the old gentleman came hobbling after.

"You black imps," she yelled, "what have you been doing to this child?" at the same instant catching up an apple-tree limb from the wood-pile.

Peter and Henry took to their heels, and were not to be seen for dust. She, however, got a few rousing whacks at Sam, who, younger, could not run so fast as the other two.

She now turned upon Willie.

"Where have you been, you little plague, you? Didn't I tell you, the last words I said, not to go

into the mud or water? And here you are, just one lump of mud!"

"I didn't make any dam."

"You didn't make any *dam*. If you was a mud clam, right out of the flats, you couldn't be any muddier. You're mud from head to foot, inside and out. And look at your shoes, and jacket, and that beautiful hat, — all boughten clothes, — entirely ruined! I'm a good mind to take the hide off of you. Will you ever do so agin?"

She shook him till his teeth chattered, and the clay fell off in flakes. This was an entirely new experience for Willie. He had never in his life been scolded, except by Aunt Dinah, in common with Nato and Johnnie, which he didn't value a pin. Cut to the heart, and terribly frightened, expecting nothing less than such a beating as he had seen Sammy receive, he began to cry.

"There, wife, you've said enough. The child didn't know any better."

"Then it's high time he was taught to know better."

"Never mind that now. Put dry clothes on him, and let us finish our supper."

"Let him soak till we are done. If he can lay

down and roll in the mud, let him set in the mud till he gets enough of it. Every time I look at them clothes I ache to give him a good whippin'."

Resuming their seats at table, Willie was left sitting on the step of the door. The wrath of grandmothers is seldom implacable. Before finishing her first cup of tea, the good woman began to relent. In vain she endeavored to fortify her resolution by recalling the declarations of Scripture in respect to the duty of using the rod sometimes, and reflected that perhaps the black children might have put him in the mud. Just in proportion as her wrath waxed hot against the negroes and against Rachel for permitting it, and allowing the child to come home in such a condition, her anger in respect to Willie abated. While in this state of mind she heard Willie sob, and say, in a most pitiful tone, —

"I want to go to my father. I want to see Aunt Dinah. Willie wants to go home."

This went right to the grandmother's heart, and she was near crying herself.

Willie trembled as he heard his grandmother's step on the floor, but felt assured by the gentle manner in which she began to remove his clothes,

and wash the mud from him with warm soap suds. This operation completed, she took the little boy in her lap, combed out his hair, and gave him some supper. He now began to chatter, and said, —

“Gran’ma, I didn’t make any dam.”

“Then how did you get so muddy? Did the boys put you in the mud?”

“The boys didn’t do nothing to Willie. We slid on the flats, and I kept falling down, all the whole time. T’other boys didn’t fall down, all the whole time.”

“How did you get so wet, and all over mud, inside your clothes?”

“They put me in the water, and washed me, ’cause I was muddy.”

“Did they wash you in a mud puddle?”

“It was dirty water, what they put me in.”

“I should think it was. Where was Rachel?”

“I don’t know. She was gone some place, and cookie, too.”

This gave a very different complexion to the matter. Granny now understood that Frank’s little children intended to wash Willie, and put him in good shape to go home, but made a slight

mistake in regard to the method, and regretted that she had chastised Sam.

"But you know, Willie, gran'ma'am told you not to go into the mud or water."

"Willie forgót, gran'ma."

Perhaps it was the feeling that she had treated the little blacks harshly, which caused her, some weeks after, to let Willie go down to cookie's, though, in her passion, she had vowed he never should cross Rachel's threshold again; but she made sure that Frank and his wife were both at home. The good lady, however, had almost as much reason to regret granting permission, as in respect to the former visit.

CHAPTER VIII.

FELL DEAD IN HIS TRACKS.

IT was thought best by the grandparents of Willie, and by Captain Griffin, that nothing should be said to him in respect to the latter's going to Martinique, as, having recently come from that place, it might render him uneasy, especially as he had enjoyed himself so much in the vessel.

The Griffin boys were therefore cautioned not to say anything to Willie about the Osprey's going, and as the vessel lay out of sight from the house, it was hoped the matter might be kept from him. But, by a strange oversight, neither Frank nor his family had been put on their guard. The result was, that when Willie was permitted again to visit the blacks, Frank addressed him in the following fashion : —

“Dat good little sonny ; come see cookie, 'fore he go 'way 'gin.”

"Where you going, cookie?"

"Ise gwine in de Osprey, 'long Cap'n Griffin, to Martinique. See your fader. Tell him all 'bout his leetle boy — what smart boy he be. Ise bring you oranges, plenty nice tings, what you fader send his leetle sonny."

"I want to go, cookie, to see my father, and see Captain Griffin, and Mr. Lancaster, and Henry. I want to go with you, cookie. You won't have no little boy to help you wash the dishes, and Henry Griffin won't have no little boy to tell him when the porpoises are coming; there won't be nobody to feed the hens, give 'em water and gravel; and when the man at the helm wants a drink of water, or some tobacco, there won't be no little boy to carry it to him, and tell Captain Griffin how the vessel heads when he's below."

The cook, finding he had made a mistake, endeavored to pacify the child by telling him his grandparents wanted a little boy, and that he must go to school and learn his book, so as to be captain of a ship. But it was too late. The little fellow's imagination was excited, and all the scenes of his past life, and his companions, came up vividly to his recollection.

The instant Willie got into the house, he clambered into his grandmother's lap, and putting both arms around her neck, said, —

“Gran'ma'am, I want to go in the vessel with cookie. I want to see my father.”

Here was a situation. His grandmother replied that if he went away then, she and his grandfather would have no little boy, and there would be nobody to bring in the eggs for her, and that he would want to go to school.

“You will have Uncle Edward, gran'ma'am.”

“But, Willie, your father sent you here to go to school, because there ain't any schools there. He won't like to have you come back. He will scold.”

“No, gran'ma'am, father never scolds.” (This was a cut at his grandmother, and she felt it, whether intended or not.) “Father loves his little boy.”

Willie now began to fear he should lose his case, and feeling that he was not making much impression upon his grandmother, with the tears running down his cheeks, he broke out with new energy, —

“I want to see my father, and Aunty Dinah, and Qua, and William, and Nicholas, and Nato,

and Johnnie, and Luna. I want to see my garden and cocoa-nut tree, and my goats, and Peter. I want to play under the ceiba tree, and sail in the turtle shell 'long Nato and Johnnie, and ride on the jackass, and get handsome shells on the beach, — there ain't no handsome shells here, — and sleep with my father. I'll come back, gran'ma'am, when the vessel comes; and I'll bring Peter, and give him to you; and I'll ask my father to let Nato and Johnnie come, and they'll help you, gran'ma'am."

Granny Godsoe was amazed, grieved, and at her wits' end, witnessing this gush of home feeling she had no idea existed in the heart of the child, and so were the rest of the family. She pacified him by saying she would think about it, and after a while they succeeded in turning his attention to other things.

The grandparents of course could have told him peremptorily that he should not go. He would have had a good cry, and that would have been the end of it. But they did not wish to proceed thus. They, as likewise his father, wished him to gradually forget everything connected with his home at Martinique, in order that the affections

of the child might be transferred to his grandparents, and he grow up with New England habits, and form associations of an entirely new character. There seemed, at first view, no difficulty in accomplishing this, considering the tender age of the child, and the fact that both the parent and the grandparents were of the same opinion.

It was this which made the sudden manifestation of the strength of early impressions a matter of so much concern to the Godsoes. Another obstacle to success was the inordinate attachment of the child to the cook, and his finding negro play-mates, at once tending to keep alive the memory of those very things they were most desirous he should forget. At the same time, they felt instinctively that any harsh treatment—even had they been inclined to make use of it, which they were not—would rivet these recollections in the mind of the child forever.

As the period drew near when the Osprey was to sail, and Willie from time to time manifested a disposition to call up the matter, many consultations were held by the Godsoes upon the subject. At length Edward hit upon a plan that succeeded admirably. Isaac Godsoe resided twenty-five miles

back in the country, and the plan, as revealed to Willie by his uncle Edward, was this.

They were digging potatoes together. That is, Willie was picking them up, after his uncle dug them out.

"Willie, why don't you ask gran'ma'am to let you go with her and gran'pa?"

"Where be they going?"

"O, they are going to hire Captain Rhines's wagon, and put our horse in, and going way up in the country to Uncle Isaac's. And he's got three little boys, and a little girl, and got bees, and a great big banging orchard, and a cider mill, and plums, and pears,—summer pears,—and sweet apples; and there's great, tall,—awful tall trees."

"Reach way up to the sky?"

"I don't know as they reach to the sky, but they reach part way up; and they have got a pigeon net, and catch wild pigeons—sometimes they have twenty dozen in the shed chamber; and they've got a great big dog, and little colt."

"Think gran'ma'am will let me go?"

"I don't know; perhaps she will. I should think she would like to have you sit in a little chair between her and gran'pa, and help drive the horse."

Willie ran in to his grandmother, and beset her with all the eloquence he was master of to let him go with her and grandpa. It was a great affair in those days to ride in a wagon. There were but three in the town. The common mode of travel was on the horse's back. Granny feigned reluctance for a while, but finally made Willie supremely happy by consenting.

They were gone ten days, and Willie enjoyed all the pleasure he anticipated. It lasted him and Winthrop the whole autumn to talk about. While they were absent, the vessel sailed, going to Portland to complete her cargo; but it made no impression upon Willie, who seemed now completely at home.

There certainly was no reason why he should not feel thus, since, in his opinion, nearly everything on the place belonged to him — calves, cows, and hens. The calves he named Nato and Johnnie; the cows, — two of them, — Luna and Aunt Dinah. Aunt Dinah was a large brindled cow, that had won Willie's special regard. He had also selected the place where he intended to have his garden the next spring, and was hauling manure on it in a little cart his uncle had made for him.

He possessed a gray squirrel his uncle had caught in a box-trap, that he named Peter ; and in his estimation the squirrel was far superior to the monkey. In company with Winthrop he roasted ears of corn and ground-nuts by a fire made in a pine stump, and had already chosen the spot on which to dig a vault for hoarding apples. As the weather grew cooler, and fruits began to ripen, Willie found abundant occupation in picking apples, fishing, going with Winthrop after acorns, beech-nuts, hazel-nuts, and about this time came very near losing his life, not in any of these excursions, but right at the door, and almost before the eyes, of his grandparents and uncle.

Our young readers may be aware — if not, they should certainly be informed — of the fact, that a bull, more frequently than any other of the domestic animals, is subject to sudden caprices of temper and gusts of passion. They will conduct themselves sometimes for years in a perfectly peaceable manner, and then in an instant, and with no apparent provocation, turn upon and gore the persons who have the care of them, to whom they have before manifested attachment, and who, on this account, are likely to be entirely off their

guard, and at the mercy of the brute. They are wont to become more surly and treacherous as they increase in age, and are therefore generally either killed, subdued by being put to work, or in some other manner disposed of while young.

Willie's grandfather had a bull that, on account of his extreme docility, had been kept till he was now six years of age, and being of great size and strength, was frequently traced up and worked alone, or before the oxen. He would plough alone among the corn and potatoes better than a horse, and would harrow old ground alone. Mr. Godsoe prized him very highly for draught. He was a majestic creature, and, as he stood among the cattle, made a magnificent appearance. Nicholas, as Willie had named him, always came up at night with the cows, and stood during milking time in the yard chewing his cud, and no member of the family felt in the least degree afraid of him. Willie frequently drove him up with the cows, was frequently round him, and often, while his grandmother was milking, would pull up grass and offer him, which Nicholas ate out of his hand. He was black, with white spots, a white star in his forehead, large, swelling neck, and great breadth

between his horns, that gave him a most imposing, lordly look.

Granny Godsoe, although she would sit down and milk a cow herself within two feet of the bull, and had done so for years, never liked to see Willie stand in front of Nicholas and give him clover heads, and often said to her husband and Edward that "she didn't like to see the boy round that bull; they were treacherous creatures, and there was no knowing what the sight of the child standing before him might stir him up to."

"There's no harm in the critter, Sarah," said her husband; "if there had been it would have come out afore now. Besides, he's worked enough to keep him civil."

"Worked! All the work he does don't amount to anything. He hasn't been yoked this six weeks."

Notwithstanding the frequent cautions of the old grandmother, her fears went for nothing with her son and husband. Willie still continued to feed Nicholas, and would sometimes, when his uncle was standing by to give him courage, pat his forehead.

The field adjoining the barn had been cleared

of crops, so that the cattle went back and forth from the barn-yard to the field, at their pleasure. Every two or three weeks there came into Willie's little head a desire to recall his experience of sea life, when he was wont to sail his brigantine, the Osprey, that one of the crew had made for him on the passage home, in a frog pond just back of the barn. This pond was a favorite resort of Willie. Here he procured cat-tail flags, watched the swallows as they skimmed along the surface of the water, darting here and there after insects, played with the frogs and tadpoles, varied his sport by throwing stones at muskrats, and, before the weather grew cool, he was accustomed to put his feet in the water till the bloodsuckers were attracted, and just as they were about to fasten upon his legs, he would jerk them out, and with his cat-tail beat the surface of the water, scolding fearfully; then, with a most contemptuous expression of countenance, strut along the margin of the pond, exclaiming, "You didn't do it, old blood-sucker—did you? You thought you was going to do great things. I'll tell my gran'pa of you, and he'll come and cut your head off. You'd better behave yourselves, I tell you now."

It was a bright autumn morning, and the moment Willie came out of the house into the sunshine he felt the ocean spirit stir within him, and that he must go to the pond and sail his vessel. As his custom was at such times, he went directly to his grandmother, in order that she might array him in a fiery red shirt, that Sewall Lancaster, the mate of the Osprey, had made him, with the American eagle worked on the breast of it, his tarpaulin hat, with "Osprey," and a foul anchor, painted on the front in yellow letters, and that he had worn on the wide ocean. It would have been but tame business, in Willie's opinion, sailing his vessel in a landsman's rig. He was too much of a webfoot, had sailed the salt seas too long, for that. It might do for Winthrop Griffin, and boys who had never been beyond the smoke of their mother's chimney, and couldn't tell a clew-garnet from the main-topmast backstay, but not for him, who knew every rope in the ship, and could tell the captain how she headed the moment the man at the helm told him, and had held the fourteen-second glass when they hove the log, and combed his hair every morning with the jaw-bone of a porpoise.

When, weary of playing at the pond, Willie returned, he found his uncle tying the legs of a sheep.

"What you going to do with the sheep, uncle?"

"Going to kill it."

"O, don't kill the sheep. Willie don't want the sheep killed."

"I must kill it, Willie. We can't winter so many. We want some of the mutton to eat, and I must sell a part of it to buy some tea, sugar, and coffee at the store."

Edward, having tied the sheep, flung it down on the floor, and putting his foot on it, took up an axe to cut off the sheep's head. Willie, running behind the barn, waited till he heard the axe fall, and then came back to look on.

Having fastened the barn doors open, his uncle skinned the sheep, and hung it up by the hind legs on the cross-bar that confined the doors, and, after he had finished dressing the carcass, went into the house for a towel and pail of water, to clean up. While he was absent, the cattle, with the bull at their head, came into the yard. Willie had in his hand a pussy flag that he had brought from the pond. Running up to the bull, he began

to touch him on the forehead with the end of the flag, crying, "Nicholas, Nicholas." The bull instantly began to snuff the wind in a fearful manner, and pawed up the earth and stones, flinging the dust all over his body, and then shook himself, uttering short, surly roars.

Willie, frightened, ran screaming towards the house, but the bull got between him and the gate, he then tried to gain the barn floor, but the enraged brute followed, and strove to pierce him with his horn, but, missing his aim, struck the little fellow with his front, intending to crush him against the side of the barn, and would have effected his purpose, had not the length of his horns prevented. Passing each side of the child, they struck the sill of the barn, leaving barely room for the child's body between his head and the barn.

Edward heard the roar of the bull and the cries of Willie, and well knowing what they meant, came running, followed by his parents, just as the animal was preparing to repeat the thrust. Catching up the axe that lay in the barn floor, and with which he had killed the sheep, he buried it to the eye in the neck of the bull close behind the horns,

cutting into the horn with the corner of the axe, and severing the spinal cord, when the creature fell dead in his tracks.

As the bull fell, his right horn just grazed Willie's side, turning him round, — for, before, his face was turned to the barn, — and he fell on his back beside the underpinning of the building. Indeed, that alone saved him, by bringing the horns of the bull against the sill. Had the sills lain flat on the ground, the horns of the animal would have hit the boards, gone through them like so much paper, and crushed Willie in a moment.

Edward took him up, and they examined him all over, but could find no traces of bruise or injury of any kind, except that the skin was rubbed from his nose and forehead where he struck the barn, and a slight bruise on his arm above the elbow, where the horn of the bull grazed the limb, as he fell.

“He isn't hurt any to speak of, father. The bull's horns went each side of him, and struck the sill. There's where they struck. You can see for yourself; and there was too much room between his head and the sill. Just look here.”

Edward placed a stake his father had brought

along with him across the ends of the animal's horns. A man, it was evident, might have occupied the place without being crushed. Willie, all this time, uttered not a word ; but the big tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Willie," said Edward, "tell me where you are hurt."

"Tell me where you are hurt," replied Willie, repeating the words after his uncle.

"Don't tell me he ain't hurt," cried Mr. Godsoe. "Don't tell me that. His brain's jarred — all shook up. The child's ruined for everlastin'."

"No sich thing," said his grandmother ; "give him to me ; he's only frightened."

Taking him in her arms, she carried him to the house.

"That bull must be bled this moment," cried Edward, and with a knife he had been using upon the sheep, suited the action to the word.

"We've got more meat than we shall know what to do with, Edward. Take the horse, go down to Charlie Bell's ship-yard, borrow a tackle, and ask Edmund Griffin to come and help us dress him ; but firstmost let's get him into the barn, out of the hot sun."

They placed planks on the ground, and putting a chain round the bull's neck, twitched him into the barn floor with the oxen that, snorting and roaring at the sight and smell of blood, were with great difficulty got near enough to hitch on.

Granny Godsoe did not attempt to question Willie, but taking him in her lap, sat down in the rocking-chair, rocked and sang to him. In a few moments he began to sob and tremble all over.

"He's coming to his feelings," whispered she to the hired girl.

"Won't he go into fits, ma'am?"

"No, I guess not. I guess he'll drop off to sleep."

After a while Willie began to shut his eyes, and seemed about to go to sleep; then he would, with a convulsive start, spring upright in his grandmother's lap, and stare wildly around him. The old lady took no notice of this, but continued to sing and pat him, till at length he fell asleep, and she laid him on the bed.

"That's a very rugged child, Sally," said she; "a very rugged child indeed. There's not one child to a hundred would have gone through what he has and not had a fit, and he was very near it; but he'll be all right when he wakes up."

"I don't see what made the creature take at him so in a minute, and allers so good-natured before. I have milked cows all summer right a side of him, and never once thought of such a thing. He might have killed me fifty times."

"Well, Sally Higgins, I hope this will be a lesson to you. It's jest what I've been telling you and the rest of 'em all summer, that there's no sort of dependence to be put in those critters; they'll go ever so long, jest as peaceable as a cosset lamb, and then all at once they'll start, nobody knows for what; I don't s'pose they know themselves. Young folks think old people are terrible sot in their notions, and positive; but they allers have some kind of foundation for what they say — some-thin' they've seen or hearn tell on. There was old Gran'sir Griffin, what's dead and gone, — Mr. Edmund's father, — was a dreadful resolute, powerful man, and dreadful active when he was in his prime. In them times there wasn't no mechanics; people did as they could, and them what was handy with tools, they helped the tothers. Griffin he was a sort of man could turn his hand to anything; could work iron, and a master rough, fearless critter, that didn't kalkerlate to turn out

for anybody nor anything. He had a bull that was as peaceable as this one. He was goin' down to the shore one mornin' to do sunthin' to a boat, with a blacksmith's hammer in his hand; the bull was feedin', 'long with the rest of the cattle, and jest as he was goin' by, lifted up his head, run out his tongue, gin a roar, and took right at him. He dodged him, but was so nigh, the critter jest grazed him with his horn as he went by. He might have jumped over the fence, for he was nigh to it; but the *Griffin* was up *then*. I tell you there's no wo to one of that breed, when they start."

"What did he do? I'm sure I should have thought he'd got over the fence."

"Arter the bull made his lunge, and afore he could turn agin, he ketches him by the tail, a short hold, and begins to put the blows on, right acrost the kidneys. There they had it, which and tother. Round and round went the bull, a-frothin' and a-snortin', and round went Griffin, as fast as he did, a-puttin' on the blows, and a-swearin'—you might have hearn him half a mile. The neighbors run, some with axes, some pitchforks, some stakes, and some stones—jest what they could catch up. But when they got there, they saw the bull was gittin'

altogether the worst of it, and almost gone; so they jest stood and looked on till he dropped."

"I should have thought Griffin would have been ready to drop, too."

"They said he wasn't; on'y purty well het up. Us children used to git father to tell the story, and he'd laugh as though he'd die, every time he told it. He said the turf was all torn up, and the ground trampled in a round ring, as though half a dozen horses had been runnin' round there. He'd cut through the hide, pounded off the flesh, broke two of his ribs, and with the 'pean' of the hammer pounded through his backbone to the marrow, and that fixed him."

When Edmund Griffin came, he brought Joe, who happened to be at his father's, with him. It was noon then, but they dressed the bull first, and then all sat down to eat together, and, after dinner, fell into conversation about the occurrence. Many different opinions were expressed in regard to this act of a creature before so docile. Mr. Godsoe thought it was the red shirt that Willie had on that provoked the animal, and related many instances of these creatures attacking women wearing red shawls and dresses. Some assigned one cause, and some another.

"I don't believe," said Joe Griffin, "there was red enough about that little shaver to make the bull mad. His shirt ain't bigger than a pocket handkerchief; he must have done something to the critter — flung stones at him, or struck him."

"'Twasn't the red shirt, nor anything the boy did," said Edmund; "'twas the smell of the blood where Ed had been butcherin' the sheep. You can't kill anything on a place, but 'twill make every critter on it — dogs, horses, and cattle — kind of wild and savage; either skeer 'em or make 'em ugly."

Willie was sleeping in a bed-room directly adjoining the kitchen. The loud tones of Edmund Griffin waked him, and he called for his grandmother, who, taking him from the bed, led him out by the hand. He complained of soreness in his back, but nothing more, and wanted some dinner.

"What did you do to the bull, Willie?" said his grandfather.

"I didn't do nothing to him. He come and stood right in the bars; and Aunty Dinah, and all the rest of the cows, come too; and Nicholas looked at the sheep. I went to see him, and laid

my pussy-cat-tail on his nose. He made an awful noise, and I run, and he run after me."

"Didn't you strike him with your stick, or shove it up his nostrils?"

"No, gran'pa; I only laid it on his nose."

"That's jest as I thought," said Edmund. "These critters will have surly spells, and be jest as full of ugliness as their hides can hold, jest like a cannon loaded and primed; and if they are let alone, they'll paw the ground, and roar round; go into a tree, or the oxen, and work it off. But jest as sure as a man comes near 'em, or touches 'em, when they're in that ere humor, they'll go off like powder under a match. That critter had been snuffin' the blood, and gittin' his savage natur up, and the minute the boy touched him, it burst out."

CHAPTER IX.

THE DREGS OF THE CUP.

“**U**NCLE,” said Willie, “what did Nicholas want to hurt me for? I thought he loved me.”

“I don’t know; because he was ugly.”

“There was a black man in Martinique — Luna’s brother — tried to kill Johnny, and Nato, and Aunty Dinah, ’cause he was crazy. Was Nicholas crazy?”

“I guess so.”

“I reckon,” said Edmund Griffin, “there was a higher power had something to do with savin’ that child. You or I might have struck twenty — yes, forty — times on that critter’s neck, and not have dropped him dead in his tracks; you wouldn’t have done it if the corner of the axe hadn’t gone ’twixt j’int, and hit the peth of his neck. Touch that, you touch a critter’s life.”

"I knew that, but I didn't think of it then. I only thought of hurting him bad enough to make him leave the child, and take after me. I was never more amazed in my life than I was when he fell,—such a great monster,—though I've seen Seth Valentine kill calves by sticking a sharp-p'inted knife into the back of their necks."

"They set about to kill a bull once," said Mr. Godsoe, "at Joe Merrithew's, and they couldn't knock him down, and was goin' to shoot him; but Uncle Isaac Murch said he'd fix him, and drove a saddler's awl into the peth of his neck, and he dropped jest as this one did."

"I've heard my grandfather say," said Joe, "that if you run a darnin' needle into a critter's neck jest back of their horns, where the whorl-bone is, 'twill kill 'em in a minute."

After the neighbors had gone, Willie said,—

"Gran'pa, I'm sorry Nicholas was crazy, and had to be killed." And the tears came into his eyes for sorrow at the fate of his would-be murderer.

"If that ain't a Christian spirit," said his grandmother, "I should like to know what is."

"Don't cry, Willie," said his uncle; "I've saved

his bladder for you, and I'll blow it up, and you can put peas in it, and you and Winthrop can make a football, and kick it."

"What is his bladder? Won't it hurt me?"

"No, he's dead; he can't hurt anybody any more."

"I want to see Nicholas, Uncle Edward."

His uncle took him to the barn. Now, the last and deepest impression upon Willie's mind in respect to the bull was his terrible aspect, fearful roar, the thud of his horns, as he thrust them into the barn, and his hot breath enveloping him. When, therefore, as they approached the barn, he espied the hide of Nicholas flung over the stone wall, with the horns on it, the skin of the head, legs, and the tail stretched out in such a manner as to give somewhat the appearance of a live animal, the little fellow shrank back, his former terror revived, and he could not be persuaded to stir one step farther.

"Will you stop here, Willie, till I go and touch it, to show you he's dead?"

No, Willie wouldn't; he wanted to see his grandma'am.

His uncle took him back to the house, and set

him in the door, while he went to the skin, shook it, and turned up the skin of the hind leg, to show the flesh side. After that Willie was no more afraid. When he went into the barn floor, and saw the two halves of the slaughtered animal hung up to a pole placed across the high beams, the bloody head divested of skin, and which retained scarcely anything to remind him of his terrible foe except the eyes, he dismissed his fears, and wanted to see the bladder. His uncle took it down from a nail on which it hung, and told him he would blow it up in the evening, and stretch it for him, and when it was dry, he could have it for a football.

As they returned to the house, Willie said, "Uncle, look at me." Then he took a stick, and began to beat the hide on the wall, and to throw stones at it, till his face was as red as his shirt, and ended with calling it all sorts of bad names, and daring it to touch him. In short, he stood — notwithstanding his recent fright — just as high in his own estimation as he did before.

The next time Willie went to drive up the cattle, he felt it incumbent upon him to explain to Aunt Dinah, and all the rest of the cows, that the reason Nicholas hurt him was, he was crazy.

The first man to board the Osprey, when she arrived at Martinique, was Lallemont, who had now become familiar enough with the vessel to recognize her in the offing. Captain Griffin was aware that Lallemont possessed means of communication with Godsoe, who, by reason of his former connection with the pirates, was not inclined to show himself very frequently at the principal ports of the island, but remained at his retreat in the mountains, transacting his business through his overseer, and sometimes coming in the night to the house of Lallemont. He therefore put a letter he had brought from the parents of Godsoe into the hands of the black.

But a single day passed, when a negro, naked as he was born, with the exception of a breech-cloth, and evidently one of the mountain vagabonds, came on board the vessel in the evening, and gave to Walter a note from Godsoe, requesting him to visit him at his plantation, and saying that he would send William, his overseer (a liberated slave, with whose history many of our readers are familiar), to the vessel, with the means of conveyance. Walter took the negro to the galley, and told the cook to feed him, while he wrote a reply.

"Golly, Massa Cap'n," said the cook, "guess he no eat notting dese tree months; guess he taken in perwisions for nudder long v'ye. He no fill any water; s'pose he git plenty dat; but he want some rum."

At the time appointed, William came on a mule, leading another by the bridle. They took the ordinary road from Port Royal, followed it for a few miles, then struck off into the mountains till they came to the mule-path by which Walter had reached the plantation on a previous occasion, and that led through the Madman's Pass, where they were met by Godsoe, who received his friend with every token of respect and affection.

"You have been long expected, — I need not say how eagerly, — Walter. I felt sure that you would come back here when the hurricane months were over; and since I thought it was time for you to be on the coast, I have kept watch with my glass on the mountain, and started William for Lallemond's house when the brigantine was up with Point Arlet, expecting you would bring me a letter. You don't know how much good that kind, affectionate letter did me. It was read, and I doubt not written, with tears."

"I was in great doubt, at one time, whether the owners would send the vessel here or to France. They were much divided in opinion about it. If they had decided to try some other market, I should have sent the letter by a Salem captain, who knows Lallemon; but if my returning here is any gratification to you, you must thank John Rhines for it."

"Why so?"

"Well, the morning the owners met to decide, John took me one side, and said, 'Walter, my opinion is, that we can do better with the vessel than to send her to Martinique; but if you think that your company will be a benefit to John Godsoe, in the condition he now is, I'll vote and use my influence to send her to Martinique. For what is money, in comparison with saving a man, or being of essential benefit to those good old people, and that child?' I told him I thought it would, and here I am."

"What a noble principle that was! Just like Captain Rhines and Lion Ben — always ready to take the weakest side. John's a true chip of the old block; just that same principle in the whole of 'em. I remember, when I was a boy at home,

if we wanted to play tricks upon anybody who was drunk, or abuse any animal, as boys sometimes will, we always kept a bright lookout for Lion Ben, or Captain Rhines. I've seen two dogs fighting at a store door, and a parcel of men and boys setting them on. By and by Lion Ben would come along, take one dog in one hand and the other in the other, and pull 'em apart. Then he'd look all round on the company, as much as to say, 'You ought to be ashamed of yourselves; but if anybody wants to take it up, they can.' But I never knew anybody to take it up."

When, after arriving at the house, they had broken their fast, Godsoe said, —

"Now, my friend, I want you to tell me all about my father and mother, Willie, my brothers and sisters, and the old farm at home — every little thing you can think of. No matter how trifling or silly it may seem to you; to me these trifles are precious."

This Walter did, and, among other things, told him how much the grandparents were attached to Willie, and the surprising effect the reception of his letter, and the presence of the little child, had produced upon his father and mother, especially

upon the health and spirits of his father, not forgetting to tell him about his flinging his cane into the top of the sweet apple tree, where it lodged, and he said it might stay there till he wanted it.

"It could have been no great loss," said Godsoe, "for I warrant it was nothing but a hazel root. I'll send him one made of some of our West India woods, with a gold head to it. However smart he may feel for a while under this new impulse, he'll be obliged to come to the cane again before long. I know the tree his cane lodged in; it stood between the corn-house and the porch. Many's the morning I've filled my pockets under it, before I started for school; many's the morning I've jumped out of bed, and run out just as I was, in order to get the apples that fell off in the night before the rest."

But when Walter told him what Willie said when he found the vessel was going to Martinique, and the intense desire he manifested to see his father, Godsoe wept.

"I shall never," he said, "see the child or my parents again, though God only knows how I should love to see Willie, and ask my parents' forgiveness on my knees. It is a hard thing for one

who has all the affections of a parent to go deliberately to work, as I am doing, to kill in the heart of a loving child all affection for himself, and transfer it to others; eradicate all the associations of home, and make him forget that such a father ever existed, or remember him only as a dream of childhood. It is a bitter cup, but one of my own brewing, and it is just that I should drain it to the dregs."

Walter was touched to the heart by the deep agony revealed in the tones of Godsoe's voice, and which he in vain strove to suppress.

"Why do thus, my friend? Why not, after a few years, dispose of your own property here, and that of the child, or leave it in the care of William, as you have before, at different times; go aboard the Osprey, and go home with me; live among your friends; watch over your parents in their old age; and endeavor, by kindness and affection, to atone in some measure for the suffering your disobedience has caused them? Come, John, give me your hand on it. Then you can pick apples off the old sweet tree, and when you leave this island, where everything reminds you of old villainies, you will leave a load behind you."

"It is vain to talk to me, or any one like me, of home, Walter. Change of place will not drown recollection. There is no home, no rest, for a murderer."

"Don't talk in that way. There's no good in dwelling on that. What is past can't be helped. Let us look at the other side, and consider how useful you may render your life at home to your friends, and, by contributing to the happiness of others, promote your own. Just consider what a prospect opens before you. You've got money in abundance; you can take the youngest of these blacks with you, give them a piece of land, and settle them in New England, and make citizens of them, like James Peterson and Frank Merrithew, who were both slaves, as you know, and are now as useful and as much respected as any men among us. If you want to do good, you can aid young men who have ability and industry, but nothing else, and are trying to make something of themselves, as Captain Rhines and Lion Ben have been doing all their days, and as Uncle Isaac Murch did in his time, and stirred all the rest of us up to imitate a good example."

"But you forget, Walter —"

“No, I don’t; let me get through. There’s a noble lot of land next to my brother Joe’s; pine and hard wood timber on it; oak along the shore never has been cut into; good plough land; well watered, bold shore, and a cove well sheltered from storms. You can cut what trees you like, and save what you like, just as Charlie Bell did, and make the place just as beautiful as you wish. Buy that; I will buy the next lot; and if ever I get tired of going to sea, will settle down beside you. Then, instead of trying to tear this loving little creature out of your heart, and yourself out of his, thus killing yourself by slow torture, like an Indian at the stake, take Aunty Dinah over there to keep house for you, and make a home for Willie. Train him yourself; he will say his prayers to you at night, sit by your side on the Sabbath, work with you in the field, and you will both be as happy as the days are long.

“You say you want him to grow up with our home notions and habits. Well, let him see the first tree cut on the place, kindle the first clearing fire, see the first furrow turned, the first stick of timber that goes into the house hewed, and the first apple tree set out, and if it don’t put some-

thing into him that fire won't burn or water wash out, then call me a ninny."

"You, Walter," replied Godsoe, "like all good people, look at the matter from your own point of view; but there is a great gulf betwixt us — betwixt me and society; there's a stream of blood betwixt me and all this happiness you speak of."

"It ain't so, John; there's no gulf between us. We pray to the same God, and love the same Saviour, whose blood cleanseth from all sin."

"I don't mean in that respect. I hope and believe that is so, or I should go mad. I don't know but you're half inclined to think me mad now, but I am not. I *have been* half my life, but I *now* am in my right mind. The man who in his young days has obeyed his parents, done the thing that's right, and put the faculties that God gave to a good use, has a right to all the blessings that belong to such conduct, — to enjoy children, and friends, and neighbors. But can the man whose hands are red with blood do it? Can he sit down, with his children about him, enjoy the friendship of his neighbors, and a pleasant fireside, like the other man? Can he wash the stain of blood from his soul, as he does from his fingers with water?"

"Don't you feel that you have repented, and obtained forgiveness of God?"

"I do; and it has taken off a burden that would soon have crushed me. But the man who has done what I have can't forgive himself. Walter Griffin, from the time your mother led you to meeting by the hand till now, haven't you heard Parson Goodhue preach, time and time again, 'he that sins must suffer'?"

"Yes."

"Well, I know more about that than you and he put together. With him it is doctrine. He *learned* it out of the good book; so did you. But I *know* it, as the man that's hugging a firebrand knows what 'tis to burn. There's a something way down underneath that will gnaw at times all through life. I thank God for the hope it will stop then; it's all I expect, far more than I deserve. I'll drain the cup to the very dregs, trusting to be saved at last as by fire. But I weary you, and Aunt Dinah has spread her table; we will talk further of this by and by."

After eating, they rode over the plantation, had a chat with William, and conversed about business matters. Godsoe took Walter to a mountain that

afforded an extensive prospect. As the shadows lengthened, and twilight came on, they again entered into conversation in respect to the matter equally interesting to both.

CHAPTER X.

THE RESPONSE FROM WITHIN.

“MY friend,” said Godsoe, “your sympathy has warped your judgment. It would be impossible for me to go home and live for any length of time there without exposing the very things we are most anxious to conceal. As I told you before, I never could bear to live where I should constantly meet the parents of the very persons I have aided to destroy. For a short time, perhaps for months even, there might be no discovery; but our people are very close observers. By and by Lancaster or Danforth Eaton would begin to surmise that there was something in my looks or tones of voice that reminded them of Arkwright, the fellow who was prisoner on board the *Languedoc*. It wouldn't be two months before Dan would meet Sewall some morning, and say, ‘Sewall, the next time you run afoul of John Godsoe,

you twig his motions sharp, and see if they don't put you in mind of Arkwright. I believe they're the same chap, and it accounts to my mind for the cap'n's letting him go. I thought 'twas plaguy strange he wouldn't let me finish him when he was as good as dead, and would make me do all I could to bring him to, and that John Rhines should be so willin' to set up with him, and all that, when there was sailors enough to do it.'

"Now, these men are hunters, as well as sailors, accustomed to observing the least motions of anything that takes their eye. Lancaster would begin then to watch me, and recall the looks of Arkwright, his mode of talking, and everything about him. Willie, in the thousand questions a child asks, might, when talking with me in their hearing, say something to excite or strengthen suspicion. This would make them question Willie, and they, perhaps, would find out from him that the blacks at home used to call his father Massa Arkwright; and if I should take Dinah with me, as you propose, she would let it out the moment she could talk English well enough to be understood."

"I think you imagine a great deal that never would take place."

"I'll tell you what I don't imagine. I don't imagine that James Peterson knew me well when he was held as a slave by Lemaire, and has calked the water-ways of the Languedoc when I was in her; and though he didn't recognize me then as John Godsoe, yet the moment he came to see me at home, would say, 'That's the man was in the Languedoc, and then called himself Arkwright.'"

"I didn't know that. Still, I don't see how you can carry out your purpose of making the child forget you, and everything and everybody in this place. Just so long as the war lasts, and the prices of lumber, provisions, and naval stores are high, our owners will send this vessel or others here; and thus presents and messages going back and forth will keep alive the associations and feelings you want to kill."

"I probably shall not remain here. If I do, all direct intercourse with Willie has now ceased. I shall neither write nor send any message or present to him. I should like very much to go aboard the vessel and see the cook. He would tell me a

great many little things, dear to me, that you would not remember ; but I shan't do it, because he would be sure to tell Willie that he had seen his father. When all intercourse ceases, a child of his age, in a new place, and with new play-mates, will soon forget the past."

"Probably he will ; but in aiding you in this matter, I feel very much as though I was party to a murder — at least, a murder of the purest affections given to man."

"That is romance — the dream of a young man who has not outgrown his boyhood."

"If it is, I hope to God I never shall outgrow my boyhood."

"To take an innocent child from the embrace of a murderer, and lay him on the bosom of a Christian woman, his own grandmother ; to transfer him from a state of ignorance to one where he may obtain knowledge ; to secure his young life, and his opening prospects, from the blight and taint of his father's crimes, is like separating the limb, rotten with ulcer, from the sound flesh : though blood may flow, and the muscles quiver in agony, it is the only chance for life. I am not wont to relinquish a purpose deliberately

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lives, were parents, had children they loved, and that loved them ; but my eye did not pity, nor my hand spare."

"But your death won't restore them to life, or to their friends and children."

"True ; but it will satisfy a feeling that haunts me like a shadow, that is not without, but within. The good book says, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed,' and I feel that it applies to me."

"John, if you are saved, it will not be on account of any penance you can perform, any suffering you can inflict upon yourself, or torture you may submit to."

"In regard to forgiveness of sin, I plant myself upon the blood of the Saviour, and trust in the mercy of my Creator. God forbid that I should dream of being my own saviour. Still, irrespective of that, I feel not only that this declaration of Scripture applies to me, but there is something in my inmost nature to which it appeals, and that responds to the justice of the sentence. There is in my soul a craving, not to make a righteousness of self-torture, but to obey an inward prompting that tells me it is not in accordance with right

that he whose hands are stained with blood should enjoy wealth, friends, and the common blessings of life equally with the virtuous, obtain the hope of eternal life, and die in his bed."

Walter presented many other arguments, the force of which, however, Godsoe did not seem to appreciate. As they were about to separate, he said, —

"Matters on this island are in such a confused state, that it does not seem to be a safe place to invest property for the benefit of a minor. It may change masters to-morrow, either through violence or by treaty, as it has before. I intend, therefore, before long, to send what property belongs to Willie to the States, committing it in trust to my father, Edward, and yourself, for his support during his minority, and to become his when of age, according to the forms of law there established, where, in the event of my death or removal, it will be safe. I beg you to say as little about me, or matters here, to Willie, as possible. The less his mind is turned in this direction, the less likely will he be to make any awkward revelations, or remember what it is important he should forget."

Walter chartered the Osprey to the English

admiral to carry supplies to Gibraltar, and sent a letter, written by Godsoe, to his parents by another vessel.

Godsoe now resolved to place the property of his son in safe keeping, but he was sorely perplexed what disposition to make of the gems, jewels, and other valuables concealed in a cave of the mountain, behind his house. He shrank from bequeathing the wealth stained with blood to his parents or his child. After long deliberation, he had the plantation, the slaves, and the live stock appraised, and bought them at the appraisal. He then turned the valuables in the cave into money, and with a portion of that money bought land on the island, gave the slaves their liberty and the land; gave them animals to stock, and tools with which to work it. With this disposition of the plunder, since he could not restore it to the rightful owners, he was well satisfied.

But there was still a vast amount of money left, to be in some satisfactory way made use of. Godsoe knew there was an institution for the care of orphan children, committed to the charge of some Sisters of Charity. To this he gave a large sum. The disposal of the rest he resolved to postpone

till some future time, and till after further deliberation.

He now sold half of the plantation to William, and deeded to him the other half, on which was the house, as a gift, the deed to take effect at his (Godsoe's) death, — thus reserving the property for his own use during life, — and deposited the deed with Lallemond, hiring free negroes to perform the necessary labor on his portion of the plantation. The property belonging to Willie from the sale of the land, and accruing in other ways, he deposited in the cave, with that portion of the proceeds of piracy remaining after his numerous bequests, until an opportunity offered of sending it to America. Indeed, he was not without hopes that, by the time his arrangements were all made, Walter might bring another freight to the island, and he could then commit the whole matter to his charge. He now began to act as his own manager in respect to the work to be done on his portion of the plantation.

CHAPTER XI.

WILLIE SHOOTs HIS FRIEND.

OUR old acquaintance, the Hardscrabble, of glorious memory, lay near the head of Charlie Bell's wharf at Pleasant Cove, and James Peterson was calking her wales. Chancing to look up from his work, he saw a tall, richly-dressed mulatto walking up the wharf, having just landed from the sloop that plied between that place and Boston.

"Lallemont," he exclaimed, dropping his mallet and calking-iron, and running up to the stranger.

"Peterson," replied the other, extending his hand, which the black grasped with great fervor.

As many of our readers know, both the black and the mulatto had been slaves in Martinique, and Lallemont had been instrumental in rescuing Peterson from bondage. The latter was a Guinea negro, who had never enjoyed the advantage of

schooling, while Lallemon was the child of a Frenchman, by a slave woman, had received instruction, spoke both French and English with equal fluency, and was possessed of a large property, though working more or less at his trade of a cooper, by which he had acquired a fortune.

Lallemon informed Peterson that he had come to the States on business for Godsoe and some other planters in Martinique, and was in quest of the elder Godsoe's residence; upon which Peterson left his work, and went with him to the house. The mulatto had brought with him the property pertaining to Willie, and all the papers necessary on the part of John Godsoe, designating his father as guardian of the child, and, together with his son Edward and Captain Griffin, trustees to manage the property for the benefit of the boy.

Lallemon transacted his business, and left the place without attracting the special notice of Willie, who, never having seen him in Martinique, suffered him to come and go without question, as both the grandparents and Lallemon avoided, in conformity with instructions from Godsoe, all reference to the latter, or Martinique, in his presence.

"My son," said Mr. Godsoe to Lallemon, "has

sent me much money, and many very valuable presents; but the richest legacy of all is this dear child."

It is very possible for pets to be plagues, and this declaration is especially applicable to a tame crow, or a cosset lamb. A cosset lamb is everywhere, and into everything — the garden, the barn floor, the cribs of the cattle, and under the horses' feet. Is there a gap in the fence? The cosset knows it, and straightway is in the grain or the clover. Are you bringing two pails of water from the well? She'll be sure and stick her nose into one of them; if you are carrying an armful of wood, to run between your legs, and throw you down.

In these respects, Uncle Godsoe's cosset was about equal to the average; but none of these things troubled Willie, who loved the cosset with all his heart. No one concerned themselves about Willie's receiving injury from this pet, not even the watchful grandmother. In that meek face there was no anger, in that mild eye no treachery lurked. From the day Willie set foot in Pleasant Cove they had been fast friends and inseparable companions. Wherever Willie went the cosset

followed; strawberrying, blueberrying, blackberrying; the cosset went, too; when he bathed she fed on the bank; when he went after the cows, she was at his heels, followed him into the house, if the door was left open; and would have slept with him, had granny permitted.

The cosset was fond of lying under the shade of the fences and buildings in warm weather, and oftentimes when Willie was missed and sought for, he would be found lying under the wall with the cosset, fast asleep.

The little boy had found, from day to day, so many objects of interest, and so many new excitements, that not a moment hung heavily on his hands. But it was now getting late in the fall, and there came a long, cold autumnal storm. After playing in the barn till he could stand it no longer, Willie resorted to the house, and began to rummage among the medley of things he had brought from Martinique, till he lighted upon the cannon cookie had made him on the passage home.

He instantly ran to his uncle—who, being every whit as fond of gunning as Captain Rhines or Lion Ben, always kept plenty of ammunition in the house—for powder to make a bang, and show

his grandfather and grandmother how to shoot Frenchmen. They had finished husking the day before, and he found his uncle and grandfather in the barn, the former sorting the corn, and the latter tracing up the ears reserved for seed.

"Willie," said his uncle, "I don't like to have you put powder in that thing. The plug might come out, or the old concern burst and hurt you. It is a stormy day, and I have got only about five bushels more of corn to sort; you help me, and then I'll make you an iron cannon worth forty of that, and one you can put a bullet in. I'll make a carriage for it, mount and paint it; then it will be a *real* cannon, not a make-believe thing like that."

"Will you make me a Frenchman?"

"Yes."

Willie was so delighted that he hugged and kissed his uncle, and ran into the house to tell his grandmother. Then he made his little fingers fly, picking out the ears of pig corn, talking, part of the time to his uncle, part of the time to his grandfather, part of the time to himself, and uttering direful threats against Frenchmen. He could not, however, readily give up the cannon cookie made, and with which he had done such

fearful execution upon the French, and had had so many good times. Perhaps he might think — for he was a shrewd little fellow — that “a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.”

When the corn was sorted, Edward hunted up the barrel of an old queen's arm. John Rhines once brought from the West Indies several tons of old iron in the Casco, and among the rest this barrel. About a foot of the muzzle had been jammed flat by lying under the other iron, and Edward bought it for six and a quarter cents.

Having cut off the bruised portion, he fitted the remainder into a large block, made to resemble a gun carriage, and put four trucks to it, that Willie might haul it, painted the carriage a bright red, and the gun itself with lamp-black and bright varnish till it shone. Willie, who had eagerly watched every stage of the process, was almost beside himself with delight, and thought he never could wait for the paint to dry.

“It won't take long, Willie,” said his uncle, “because I have put spirits of turpentine into the paint, and you can't fire it till it is fair weather, anyhow.”

Every few minutes, Willie was running to his

uncle to know when it would clear off, and pestered him so much that, in order to keep him quiet, his uncle said, "I'll make you a Frenchman, and you can see me make it."

Edward meant to make something magnificent, to please Willie, and said to him, "I wouldn't have some sticks stuck into a board; I'd have a real ship, painted, and then you can fire at it ever so many times."

Willie thought this would be nice. So his uncle took the top of the old sleigh, which was broken, and the boards of which were thin, and made a very large, square target, but light, because the boards were thin, and painted it white on both sides.

"Now, Willie," he said, "we must get father to make the ship and the Frenchmen. He's a 'dabster' at drawing. I can't begin with him."

It seemed an age to the little boy before the white ground dried sufficiently for his grandfather to paint over it, but by putting the target out in the keen north-west wind and sun, the process was hastened somewhat, and Willie soothed his impatience by looking at it, and when dry, was fully occupied in watching his grandfather.

Mr. Godsoe had never received an hour's instruction in drawing, but possessed a natural capacity for it, and by dint of much practice could draw vessels quite well. Having been a seaman in his youth, he was wont to employ his leisure hours in port, and at sea when the weather permitted, in that way, and had representations of all the vessels he had ever sailed in hung up in his house, done with a pencil. He also could make something that conveyed the idea of a human figure.

The old gentleman drew upon the board a French privateer brig of fourteen guns, her topsails, jib, and trysail set, royals, topgallant sails, and flying jib furled, and courses hauled up, her ports triced up, and ready for action, and the national colors of France at the peak and mastheads. He then represented a most fearful-looking French admiral, upon the same side of the board, to the right of the vessel, occupying the whole height of it, — and the target was three feet square, — brandishing an enormous sword, and breathing death and defiance. There was the most sovereign disregard of proportion, both in respect to features and limbs, but a ferocity of attitude and expres-

sion that no member of the peace society could contemplate without a shudder.

Willie followed every stroke of the brush with smothered expressions of delight, as he was apprehensive of disturbing his grandfather, who worked till candle-light to finish it. When it was done, he flung the cannon cookie made into the fire, and went to bed to dream of fighting Frenchmen.

Behind the barn rose a perpendicular ledge of rock. Within six feet of this his uncle placed the target, in order that the balls passing through the thin boards of the mark might strike the ledge, and thus be recovered. He then placed the cannon on a large box, to give it elevation, and then prepared some short, thin pieces of boards to place under the front part of the carriage, so as to raise or depress both gun and carriage as he wished, put in a tremendous charge of powder, and two bullets. Willie ran for his grandmother, who was compelled to take her hands out of the butter she was working. Sally Higgins was also obliged to come, her hands all bedaubed with flour and dough, — for she was making bread, — to witness the effect of the terrific fire now to be opened.

In the mean while the grandfather had made a

fire near the gun, and thrust into it a portion of an old iron spit, to be used as a match or linstock. This was a new excitement to Willie, who had never seen a fire made out of doors before.

"Now, Willie," said his uncle, "the poker is hot. Who shall touch it off—you or I?"

Willie concluded he did not want to fire the first time, but would give orders, and that his uncle had better be gunner. So, arrayed in his red shirt, with the spread eagle on it, in which he had incurred so many perils by sea and by land, and his tarpaulin hat, with a half yard of black ribbon attached, and the tail feathers of a gobbler waving over it, he shouted,—

"What you 'bout, you old Frenchman? Surrender, or I'll sink you."

The French admiral never moved a muscle, though he grew very red in the face. Old Mr. Godsoe now went behind the target.

"What shall I say next, uncle?" whispered Willie.

His uncle told him. Then, in a terrible tone, Willie cried,—

"Strike your colors to the United States of America, or I'll blow you out of the water."

"Blow away," replied the Frenchman, in perfectly good English; "I've nailed my flag to the mast."

His uncle applied the hot spit. There was a flash, a roar, the cannon leaped into the air and fell to the ground, the carriage bottom up. The old queen's arms could do their own kicking, and this one proved no exception.

There was a general hurrah when the explosion took place, and another when it was found that the balls had passed, one of them through the mainmast, and the other entirely through the hull, amidships.

"Now I must go and see to my butter," said granny.

"And I to my bread," said Sally Higgins.

Willie touched off the next gun, and the ball went through the heart of the admiral. Willie was frantic with delight, for his grandfather and uncle were perfectly amazed, and said it was the best shot that had been made yet. But, strange to say, the admiral did not fall, though he had received a cannon shot in his heart, and subsequently several shots between wind and water, but, when both himself and vessel were completely

riddled with shot, continued to breathe defiance, and brandish his sword as fiercely as ever.

Willie now improved the opportunity, while his uncle and grandfather were loading, to go and see where the balls hit the ledge ; but scarcely had he disappeared from view behind the target, when he uttered a dreadful scream, or rather screech. Edward and his father ran to the spot, where they found Willie, with anguish depicted in every feature of his face, and tears streaming down his cheeks, standing by the dead body of the cosset, that lay in a pool of blood—her own blood. Willie could not at first realize that his brother, as he called the cosset, was dead ; thought she was asleep ; but when he spoke to her, and she would not answer, saw the blood, and put his finger into her mouth, and found it cold, then he, who had of late seen so much butchering, knew that she was dead.

Frenchmen, cannon, and sea fights had now lost all charms for him, for the cosset was his friend, constant companion, ever at hand to fill up any gap in his plays, and by her silent sympathy added to every pleasure ; for although she could not talk, it made very little difference. Willie

could talk for both, and answer his own questions in her stead.

His uncle and grandfather strove in vain to administer comfort by telling him the Frenchman was such a tough old dog they couldn't shoot him to death, and they were going to build a fire under him, and burn him up. The declaration touched no answering chord in Willie's breast. He said he wanted "to get up in his grandmother's lap, and cry." So he got up in his grandmother's lap, and told her all his feelings, and cried himself to sleep; and when he awoke there was nothing to be seen of the cosset. His uncle had dressed the carcass, and sold it at the store, together with the skin, for the sheep was in excellent flesh, and, the ball cutting the artery in the neck, had bled sufficiently.

Before the firing commenced, Mr. Godsoe put the cosset in the barn; but the creature crawled out through a hole in the underpinning, and, unnoticed by any one, went to feeding between the target and the cliff, and the shot that pierced the French admiral's heart killed her.

When Lallemonet returned, Godsoe manifested the greatest possible interest in all the details of

his mission, and the welfare of his son; would have him recollect and tell him the result of his observations.

"How did he look, Lallemon? As though he was happy?"

"Look! I don't know how he looked when he was here, for I never saw him; but a more rugged, plump, happy-looking child I never saw. I didn't make free with him, because you told me not to, lest he should find out I came from here, and had seen you; but I don't believe a child ever enjoyed himself better than he does."

"Does he seem to love his grandparents?"

"Yes; he's no sooner in the house than he's right up in his grandfather's or his uncle's lap; brings in wood and water for his grandmother, and seems to love her, and go to her for everything, just as a child does to its mother; and she has learned him to say his letters, and he is going to school in the winter."

"Does he act as though, when large enough, he would take hold of work? Or does he seem only disposed to play? If there's any work in a boy, he shows it very quick."

"His grandfather says he's as smart as a steel

trap ; saves him a great many steps ; no trouble to manage ; and not a lazy bone in his skin. The old gentleman said to me, ‘ John has been very kind, and given his parents a great deal of money, and many handsome and costly presents ; but the best thing he ever has given, or ever can give us, is this dear little boy.’ ”

“ I feel glad this matter is settled, the property of the child secure, and the boy himself in better hands than mine, and where he will be placed under that kind of discipline that puts in grit and principle, if there’s any foundation to build upon, and I believe there is in him.

“ This land is productive, has never been worn out, has the wash of the high land around ; it is a lovely spot, and well suited to the necessities of a man who wishes to escape observation, but it is difficult of access, too far from market, and would be a poor investment for one who, living in some other place, had to hire it carried on. The expense of management would consume the whole ; but William will do splendidly on it.”

“ Well he may ; to buy half the plantation at the appraisal, — that was low enough, — and have

the other half given to him. You seem to think a great deal of your overseer."

"I have reason to. I love and respect him as a Christian man, who has had no small share in bringing me to the state of mind I am now in. Next to his God he loved my wife, who was the means of his conversion; and he cannot speak of her without tears. If I should die, or leave the island, I know not how her ashes might be treated; but, the land in his possession, I know they will be cared for as I should care for them myself. Besides, I never can repay William for the injury I have done him."

"What injury have you done him?"

"Made him a slave. I went to the coast in the Languedoc; an old Portuguese, who kept a slave pen there, had about all the negroes there were in that neighborhood, and put his price up accordingly. We had a large crew of resolute fellows, — old pirates, — plenty of arms, and I said to Clash, 'I won't give that old villain two hundred per cent. profit on his niggers; I'll go back in the bush, and buy at first hands.' He said the men wouldn't go. 'I'll find a way to make 'em,' says I. 'Boys, if you'll go back in the bush with me, to buy of

the chiefs, instead of trading with this old skin-flint, I'll do the fair thing. I'll give you a man in every ten. You shall run the risk of their dying on the passage, and whatever they bring in market is yours.' They were ready enough for that. I bought William for a jackknife, a foot of rusty hoop, and a pound of powder, and others cheaper still ; and he left a wife and two children behind him."

"What of that? It was the best thing ever happened to him. See what he would have been, left alone, and what you and your wife have made of him."

"That's no merit of mine. All I thought of was getting him as cheap as I could for Lemaire. The slaves rose on the passage. He was a good deal cut to pieces, and Lemaire gave him to me instead of knocking him on the head. And all I took him for then was, I thought he would get well, and, as he was a powerful fellow, make me a good field hand ; else I should have put him out of the way. No, he never can be under obligation to me, and I mean to do more still for him."

Men in the circumstances of Godsoe, possessed of a like passionate temperament, and great phys-

ical strength, when affected with remorse for their past crimes, often either commit suicide, drown the pangs of conscience in rum, or go mad. If, on the other hand, they become truly penitent, and obtain a sense of forgiveness, they nevertheless often become morose, somewhat diseased in mind, seclude themselves from society, and, by solitary prayers, vigils, fasts, and other mortifications, strive, as it were, to punish themselves for past misconduct.

Godsoe, however, inclined to none of these methods, but ate, drank, and slept as usual; and though he expressed to Walter a desire to surrender himself, he was perfectly sane and cheerful about it. There was no manifestation of passion, morbid feeling, or desire to take vengeance on himself, but an impression that his life was justly forfeited to the law, and a willingness to surrender it.

In the interval pending that decision, he seemed resolved to make the best possible use of his time, means, and abilities, and his nobler nature went out from the narrow limits of his own fears, hopes, and interests, to practically promote the welfare of others.

He now set himself seriously to consider what use he should make of the great amount of money still left in the cave. It is a singular fact, that persons who have resolved to take their own lives are not one whit the more willing to have them taken from them. A would-be suicide, on his way to the river to take his own life, if attacked by an assassin, will resist to the death. Thus Godsoe, notwithstanding the inclination to surrender himself that often occupied his thoughts, always went completely armed.

Passing at midnight through the Madman's Gap, he observed, amid the foliage of a ravine, a feeble light, that glimmered at intervals, then vanished, and appeared again. Stimulated by curiosity, he dismounted from his mule, and entered the defile. Turning the corner of a huge cliff, he came suddenly upon three negroes, crouching around a fire. As they from time to time flung on wood, the flames curled around the edge of the cliff for a few moments, and then sank when the fuel was consumed.

Startled by the tread of Godsoe, they sprang to their feet. One drew a knife, the second brandished a hatchet, and the third, who was by far

the most powerful of the three, lifted a fragment of rock. On the coals were broiling portions of a wild hog, and plantains were roasting in the ashes. Godsoe saw at a glance that they were fugitive slaves, escaped from the plantations, most of the time half starved, and living upon whatever they could find in the mountains or steal from the planters. Although resolute and desperate, they were no match for Godsoe, a man of great strength, completely armed, utterly devoid of fear, and accustomed to the use of weapons in hand-to-hand conflicts.

So far, however, from drawing a weapon, he folded his arms upon his breast, and uttered the word "Vauclin." In a moment the uplifted rock fell from the larger negro's hand, the others put up their weapons, and their faces no longer wore the look of mingled ferocity and alarm.

Godsoe had no personal knowledge of the wanderers, but there had been for years a tacit understanding between him and many of the outlaws of the mountains, who had in past days borne part in some of his expeditions, aided in landing cargoes, and found refuge with him when hunted by the authorities, as they often were. The word "Vau-

clin " was a password used among the vagabonds of the mountains, and well known to these fugitives.

The confidence reposed by such poor, famishing creatures in a white man, of whom they had no personal knowledge, and the hospitality they extended towards him, were very striking. The large negro rolled a rock to the fire for their guest, and one of the others offered him a roasted plantain from their scanty stock. Godsoe took it, and began to eat. Noticing that the negroes, who were perfectly naked, were shivering with cold, — for even in that climate a negro is always cold after sunset, — he flung on more wood. They told him they were afraid to make much fire, lest it should lead to their discovery, as they were so near the pass. Godsoe pointed to the pistols in his belt, giving them to understand that they were safe with him ; upon which, dismissing their fears, they basked in the grateful warmth, and told him that they suffered often from cold at certain seasons of the year, and in the nights, when the dews were heavy, and were most of the time half starved ; but they had rather die of hunger than return to their masters, who treated them with

great cruelty, and would flog them for running away.

It was a wild and singular scene presented in that lonely defile. Godsoe, having finished his plantain, sat, with hands clasped over his knees, maturing a plan suggested to his mind by this midnight meeting. Far above rose the mountains, and, nearer, the perpendicular cliff, against which their fire was built; the negroes were gnawing the bones of the hog; the red light of the fire flickered on their naked forms, and the bright barrels and brass mounting of the pistols in Godsoe's belt, while the declining moon bathed in light the whole outline of the opposite mountain side.

The silence, hitherto undisturbed save by the crackling of the flames and the roar of the distant torrent, was now broken by Godsoe, who said to the large negro, —

“How long have you been in the mountains?”

“Me and Tom,” pointing to the negro armed with the hatchet, “four months; Pete,” pointing to the other, “more’n five.”

“I’ll hire you to work for me; then you’ll have enough to eat, and be comfortable.”

“We would be glad to, Massa Cap’n, but it would be known, and we’ll be claimed.”

"Who do you belong to?"

"Me and Tom to Massa Lenoir, at the north end, Pete to Massa Vergnaud, at Trinity Bay."

"Would you like to have me buy you?"

"O, Massa Cap'n, buy us, buy us," they cried; "we hungry; no clo'es; most dead; we work hard for you; nebber run de way; you no hab to whip us."

"If I buy you, I shan't watch you, or lock you up; if you had rather starve in the mountains than work and be fed, you can run."

"Buy us, massa; dey sell us for cheap; we be good; work good deal."

"Go home with me; I'll feed you, and I'll think about it. Perhaps your masters won't sell you."

"Yes, dey will, massa," replied the large negro, whose name was Charles, and who appeared to be the most intelligent; "it's so long time, dey nebber spect to git us."

Godsoe mounted his mule, and the negroes followed him to the plantation, where he fed, clothed, and gave them provisions to take into the mountains.

When about to dismiss them, he said to Charles, "Do you know the days of the week?"

"I do, massa, when I'm on de plantation, but I lost de time."

"I'll give it to you. To-morrow is Wednesday. What is the next day?"

"Thursday," replied the negro, without hesitation, and repeated the other days of the week. "I'll notch de stick, massa; den hab him."

"Very well. Come here after nightfall a week from to-morrow, — next week, Wednesday, — and I'll tell you what I'll do."

CHAPTER XII.

THE MOUNTAIN VAGABONDS.

GODSOE, having now resolved upon his course of action, manifested the greatest energy. Sending for Lallemond, he said to him,—

“There are three vagabonds in the mountains. Two of them — Charles and Tom — belong to Lenoir, who has a plantation at the northern part of the island, near Point Marigot.”

“I know the place, and the man, by sight.”

“The name of the other is Peter. He belongs to Vergnaud, at Trinity Bay.”

“I know him well — have done much work for him.”

“I want you to go and see if you can buy those fellows, and make the best bargain you can for me.”

“You never can get ’em. You’ll lose your money, if you buy ’em.”

"I will run the risk of that. You buy 'em."

"I thought you had done with slaves."

"So I have. I shall liberate them when they are fit for it. Do you know any men, white or black, that know how to work and blast stone?"

"Yes, plenty of them."

"Well, send them to me. I want ten or twelve."

The next day, Lallemond went to Vergnaud's plantation. This man, over sixty years of age, was an old resident of the island, very rich, thoroughly acquainted with the nature of the terrible defiles and fastnesses of the mountains of Martinique. The shrewd mulatto knew this, and therefore went to him first.

"Lallemond," said Vergnaud, "that negro cost me eight hundred, in gold, at the auction block, and I've made him a good cooper. I'll give you a bill of sale for two hundred."

"Done." Lallemond laid down the money.
"Draw the bill of sale to John Godsoe."

When Vergnaud gave the bill to Lallemond, he said, —

"I take this money as a present. I wouldn't give a centime for all Godsoe will ever get of that

negro. If I should lose ten negroes to-morrow, and knew they had got into the mountains, I would never throw away an hour, or a dollar, in going after them."

"That," replied Lallemont, "is his lookout."

He then went to Lenoir, who was a young man, had not been long a resident of the island, but a good business man, and a close calculator.

"Monsieur Lenoir," said Lallemont, "you have two boys,—Charles and Tom,—in the mountains. What will you sell them for—the purchaser to get them if he can?"

"Well, cooper, they are both young, able-bodied men, but as it is some trouble and expense to go after them, I'll sell my title to them for two thirds their cost."

"No, you won't—to me."

"Be reasonable, cooper."

"I am reasonable. These men are worth nothing to you, any more'n a bird in the sky. They are in the mountains, where you never can get them, and you want me to give you two thirds of their first cost, on the wing."

"Because they are worth more to you than to me, or anybody else. I know that there is a sort

of understanding between all you people of color, of all shades ; and I know, too, that you could get those men when a white man couldn't, and for one quarter the cost. I also know that, even allowing — which I by no means allow — that I can't catch them, if you get them without me, I can take them from you ; and I want pay for my quitclaim."

"If we can't trade, I can do without 'em as well as you can."

"Cooper, they say you are as smart a man as is on the island, and from what I've seen of you, I believe it ; but I know you are an honorable man. Haven't you caught them ? Are they not now in your quarters, with irons on them ? Or has not some colored man — some other vagabond — engaged, for a consideration, to put them in your hands, or tell you where you can get hold of them ? I don't want to sell you these men for a song, and in two days have you produce them, and snap your fingers in my face, and say, 'There's your men ; they didn't cost me fifty dollars.'"

"I haven't got 'em ; never saw 'em ; don't know where they are, only that they are in the mountains, and have neither bribed or hired any black or white to catch 'em."

"In that case, I'll make you another offer. I'll take six hundred for Charles, four hundred for Tom. Charles is a good blacksmith; can shoe mules, and make and mend any kind of iron work; had the trade when I bought him for twelve hundred dollars. Tom is a good field hand; bought him for eight; will show you the bills; that's half price for both, you must allow that's low enough."

"Vergnaud, at Trinity, had one in the mountains; sold him for quarter the cost yesterday. I'll give you the same; not a sou more."

"That's because he's an old man, got money enough, and didn't want the trouble of going after him. Rather than do that, I'll hire soldiers and bloodhounds to take them."

"It was not because he was an old man, but because he has lived here long enough to know that the whole force on the island can't take a man out of those mountains against his will."

"Nonsense! They've no arms, except a hatchet or cane-knife that they carried off with them, clubs, and stones."

"There are places in those mountains where ten men can stop an army. If the blacks have not arms, there are plenty of vagabond whites, armed

to the teeth, to tell them what to do; plenty of places where they can roll down rocks and trees to crush a regiment in a moment; plenty of eyes that don't close at night."

"You wouldn't offer me five hundred dollars, or five hundred cents, for these fellows, unless you expected to get them. You are not desirous of giving me that much, but magnify the difficulties, in order to crowd down the price."

"I take my chance, as a man goes fishing. If you think your chance of getting these men again is worth more than five hundred in gold on that table, say so, and I'm away."

Lenoir hesitated a few moments, and then said, —

"Bring in your money."

Lallemont brought in two bags, containing gold. The planter counted it, found it correct, and proceeded to draw the papers, when Lallemont told him to insert the name of Godsoe as the purchaser. After the paper was written and signed, Lenoir said, just as Lallemont was about to leave the room, —

"I thought you were buying them for yourself. Who is Godsoe? I never heard of any planter by that name."

"That is his real name. He has gone by the name of Arkwright."

"Cooper, you are too smart for me. You wouldn't have got them for any five hundred dollars if I had known that man was at the bottom of it. He can do anything he likes; lives right among 'em; is their king. He's confederate with all the white vagabonds that rule the rest; ought to have been garroted years ago. The men won't cost him scarcely anything. He should have paid me the full price, and I wonder you will have dealings with him. He'll cut your throat some day."

"He's a different man from what he used to be. He's taken a new name, and a new nature; given all his slaves free papers, and land of their own; sold half his plantation to his overseer, who used to be his slave, and given him the rest, and has no more to do with pirates than you have."

"Are you simple enough to believe that? He got frightened when they executed Lemaire, his old master, and is getting ready to clear out with his plunder while he has a whole skin. He'll turn up again as pirate in some other island."

"That man never knew what fear is. I am not

simple, but I believe in that man. He's sorry enough for what he's done, and, as he can't undo it, is doing all the good he can now. You reproach me for buying slaves for him, although he means to set them free. You perhaps consider it an honor for me to cooper for you ; but this cut-throat, as you call him, lives within a gunshot of the mountains, yet never lost a slave ; and if you would treat yours with less cruelty, they wouldn't run so often, or die so fast. All the difference between you and him is, he has killed men at once, and put them out of misery, and you do it by inches, and are neither ashamed or sorry for it."

"Mother of God!" shouted Lenoir. "Do you presume to talk in this way to your betters, and compare me to a pirate?"

"If justice were done, the same garrote might serve for both. In what respect are you my better? If superiority consists in money, I have more ; if in capacity, you have nothing to boast ; if in strength, you would be no more in my hands than a child."

"Cooper, you'll never cooper another cargo for me, nor for any master of a vessel, if I can help it. I don't hire men to insult me."

"It will not ruin me. It was always more trouble to get paid for a job done for you than it was worth."

The efforts of the planter to prevent the cooper from getting work were useless; for Lallemon, who was enraged, and possessed of abundant means, when the crop came off, hired every cooper on the island, and Lenoir, accustomed to buy shooks and heading, and have casks set up in which to send his molasses and sugar to St. Pierre in drogers, was obliged to humble himself to the mulatto, — both employ, and recommend him to others, while the general opinion was, "Served him right."

At the appointed time, the vagabonds, with the most intense anxiety depicted on their faces, appeared at Godsoe's door, to learn their fate, and when informed by Godsoe that he had bought them all, and they now belonged to him, expressed the greatest satisfaction.

"Charles," said he, "I paid Lenoir for you three hundred dollars. He told me you was a blacksmith. I'll give you work at your trade, and allow you the ordinary wages of a smith. When it amounts to three hundred dollars, — what I paid

for you, — I'll give you free papers. As for you, Tom, I'll allow the highest wages of a field hand, and when it amounts to what I gave for you, — two hundred, — you are free. You, Pete, are a cooper. I have no work for you, but I'll hire you out, and whatever you earn shall go towards paying the two hundred I gave for you."

At this announcement, the negroes — vagabonds no longer — seemed frantic with joy. They kissed Godsoe's hands, hugged one another, jabbered together in their native tongue, and then broke out into a wild African chant, not a word of which could Godsoe make out; but Aunt Dinah came rushing from the house, and, clasping hands with them, joined in the dance by which it was accompanied. Telling Dinah to put them into the cabins vacated by the slaves he had liberated, Godsoe lay down, and fell asleep while listening to the wild music in which the negroes gave vent to their emotions.

Early in the morning they presented themselves before their new master, to acquaint him with the result of their deliberations during the night.

"Well, what do you want?"

"Massa," said Tom, "would you please 'low me to work wid Charles, and learn de trade?"

"To be sure," said Godsoe, quite delighted with this evidence of intelligence and enterprise, "if you think you can learn it."

"He make good blacksmith, massa," said Charles; "he used to blow and strike for me sometimes when we wid ole massa."

"What do *you* want, Pete?"

"Please, massa, I tink *ole* massa hire me to work for *him*."

At this Godsoe burst into a roar of laughter, upon which Pete looked rather cast down. (Godsoe could laugh now.)

"Your old master said I never should get you, and had flung away the money I paid him for you. What do you suppose he would think to see you come to hire with him in about one week?"

"Dunno what he tink. I hear him tell de planters, 'Dat boy do more work any white cooper I hire.' I tink he hire me."

"Ain't you afraid he'll whip you for running away?"

"I no 'long to him now. He no dare whip Massa Godsoe's nigga."

"That's so. Well, go along. But I should like to be there when he sees you. Come home

one Sunday in a month, and bring your money. Stop! I'll give you authority to receive it for me."

When Godsoe gave him the note, Pete said, —

"Massa, I only go for make de bargain, dis time. I come back for you gib me tools. Den I tell you all 'bout it."

Godsoe intended from the first to liberate these slaves, and to do it directly upon obtaining possession of them; but maturer reflection convinced him that it would be much better for them to work out their own freedom, and become gradually taught to rely upon themselves, and labor under the pressure of a strong motive. He was still more confirmed in this notion when he found how their task would be lightened by reason of the low price at which Lallemont had purchased them.

He was therefore highly gratified when Tom wished to learn a trade. It seemed to him a practical assurance that his desires would be accomplished, and that he was pursuing the proper course. He also knew that to a free negro, the trade of a cooper or blacksmith was, on that island, a sure means of support for himself and a family, while he cherished grave doubts as to their ability to manage land, raise and sell crops.

Monsieur Vergnaud had just awaked from his nap after the principal meal, when his overseer came into the room with the news that "Pete had returned well clothed, and wanted to speak to his old master."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Vergnaud; "you are mistaken. I sold him, only one week ago, to Godsoe. The devil himself couldn't catch him in that time."

"It is certainly so, monsieur; you can easily satisfy yourself."

"Send him in here."

When Pete entered the room, his old master was for a moment at fault, so changed was he, both in dress and bearing.

"Pete," he said, at length, "where have you come from?"

"Massa Godsoe's, massa."

"How long have you been there?"

"Cum dere last night."

"What did you come here for? Did he send you?"

"No, massa; I want to cum. He gib me dis."

Pete held out the note. The planter's face flushed as he read it, and he seemed about to fly into a terrible rage.

"This is cool," he said to his overseer. "Here is a man buys a negro of me worth eight hundred, yes, a thousand dollars, after I have taught him a trade, for two hundred, and then has the insolence to ask me to employ him."

"Massa Godsoe didn't send me," put in Pete. "I asked him I might cum. He gwine send me to St. Pierre's."

This so amused Vergnaud — whose negroes were by no means anxious to return to him, as he was a severe master — that, forgetting his passion, he could not forbear a smile.

The overseer, noticing the changed expression of his employer's face, said, —

"You can do no better, after all, than hire him, and it will be money in your pocket."

"Why so?"

"Because we must have a cooper, and that directly, and there are none to be had. The war has broken up the business very much. Foreign coopers don't come here as they did. Lallemonst has got control of the native ones, and Pete is as good as the best."

Vergnaud was avaricious, saw clearly that it would not pay to be angry, and, like most men of

violent passions, now went from one extreme to the other, became quite jocose, disposed to amuse himself with his former servant, being rather tickled than otherwise with the air of importance assumed by Pete, and proceeded to draw him out.

“What wages do you want, Pete?”

“Want to work by de piece; so much for set up sugar cask, so much for molasses, so much for rum hogshead, so much for trim de cask. Coopers all hab one price for piece work.”

“Why do you want to work by the piece, instead of by the day?”

“Droder work so. Do good deal, hab good deal.”

Coopers had a sort of stint. Three and a half molasses, and five sugar casks, were a day's work, and entitled them to a day's wages. All made over that they had extra pay for.

“When I own'd you, you were not so anxious to do much work,—had to be whipped sometimes, to make you do your task. You could work fast if you liked.”

“Cause I *slabe* den; do *me* no good work hard.”

“You're a slave now.”

“Not 'zactly; only leetle bit *slabe*.”

"How is that?"

"Did Massa Godsoe pay two hunder dollar for me?"

"Yes."

"So he tell me. He write in de book, den he say, 'Pete, you's good cooper; I find you clo'es, find you tools; you go work; what you git you bing to me, I put it on de book for you; you clo'es wear out, you find 'em youself; tools wear out, find 'em youself. When you pay me de two hunder, Ise gib you free papers. So dis nigga gwine work like de debbil. No buy no more clo'es; skin cost notting; skin last longer dan clo'es."

Pete straightened up, and spat on his hands, as though about to grasp the adze. At this both Vergnaud and the overseer laughed outright. After which, the former said, —

"Your master's a fool."

"No, massa, he be good man."

"That's the same thing."

In the opinion of Vergnaud, a person who would prefer the interests of others to his own was a fool, and with him *goodness* and *weakness* were convertible terms.

"Well, I'll hire you, and let you work by the piece; and you may go to work now."

"I have go home fust, git tools; on'y cum gree dis time; Massa Godsoe gib me tools. What you ask for feed me, massa?"

Vergnaud was unwilling Pete should return, fearing he might have a better offer, and hire with some other planter. He had good tools, and a shop, in which Pete had formerly worked. After reflecting a moment, he said to him, —

"Hark you, cooper, I have work needs to be done. If you'll take my boy, Adam, into the shop, and take pains with him to teach him the trade, you may use my tools, and eat with the house servants."

"Tank you, massa. Ise learn him fust rate. But, massa, Stephen, he make de best cooper."

"Stephen is a good field hand; I can't spare him."

"Massa, de best field hand make de best cooper. Man no fit for cooper, if he fit for notting else."

The overseer corroborated Pete's assertion, saying that "Stephen manifested a natural capacity for handling tools, while Adam did not in the least, and he believed it would be time lost to endeavor to teach him."

Pete was mightily pleased with the permission given to eat in the house, as it insured good living, and moreover cost him nothing, and he determined to take every means in his power to aid Stephen in mastering his trade, since, if he should not answer the expectations of his master, Vergnaud might compel him to eat with the field hands, and make him pay for his board.

Stephen was called from the field gang, and Pete began, with his aid, to grind all the tools in the shop, and put everything in complete order for the next day's work.

We would inform our young readers that casks were carried from this country to the West Indies in shooks; that is, all the staves necessary to make a cask were made into a cask by coopers here, temporary hoops put on, the "croze" (slot) cut to receive the heads, each stave marked, and then the cask was knocked down, and the staves packed in bundles. Hoops roughly shaved, and heads roughly fitted, were also shipped with them. The planters bought these, and had them set up again by their own slaves, who had learned the trade, or by coopers they hired. It was the custom, and is still, to some extent, for coopers to go from the

States, work there the most part of the year, returning home in the sickly season. The greater portion of the work being thus already done, a smart cooper would set up a cask, put on the hoops, put in and flag the heads, in a short time; and thus a man, perfect master of his trade, and with strength and endurance sufficient to exert himself to the utmost during the day, would make more casks than were required for a day's work, and have extra pay; whereas a feebler man, and poorer mechanic, would have all he could do to fulfil the stint. And Pete meant to get the extra price. For ten days Vergnaud had listened to the almost ceaseless rub-a-dub-dub of the adze in the cooper's shop, from earliest dawn till the stars came out. One day, moved by curiosity to witness the result of all this noise, he entered the shop.

Pete was hooping a hogshead, the sweat rolling down his black hide in streams, and filling the shop with not the most agreeable of odors. The planter was astonished at the amount of work done, and the number of casks piled up.

"You black thief," he cried, "you never did half so much work when I owned you."

"May be no, massa." Rub-a-dub. "Me slabe

den." Rub-a-dub. "Dis chile work for hisself now." Rub-a-dub-dub-dub-rub.

Vergnaud walked away, reflecting upon the difference between a slave working under the lash and the same man working for himself. It was soon remarked, both by Vergnaud and his overseer, that Stephen was mastering his trade very rapidly. There was a cause for this progress that did not appear upon the surface. It had by no means escaped the observation of Pete that the results of his labor would be materially increased by the work of Stephen, as he received pay for the labor of both himself and his apprentice. He therefore tried to get all the work he could out of him. But he met, at first, with very poor success, and received this reply to the reproaches he lavished upon Stephen on account of indolence, and lack of interest in his work.

"What fur you so lazy, you waw, waw nigga? Dead lice drop off you. De oak tree grow up while you flag one head, you saar."

"You tink me one fool? What good do *me* work hurry, help *you* git money buy you freedom? Dat no good to me. S'pose I hurry; massa and oberseer, dey watch roun', see how much I do;

den, when I learn de trabe, and youse gone, oberseer gib me big task ; I no do it, he whip me. I no such fool as dat. Hurry youself, you like."

Pete reflected, and the next morning, before they began work, said to his apprentice, —

"Lookee here, Steve ; s'pose me gib you five sou ebery cask we make, you hurry den ?"

"Try dis chile, see, dat's all."

"Well, me try you to-day ; den me see."

The result was so very satisfactory to Pete, that he proceeded still farther to stimulate his apprentice to effort and good behavior. Sunday morning, he said to Stephen, —

"You kum wid me, I tell you one sartain ting."

Pete led the way for some distance along the bank of the stream that turned a mill that ground cane.

"Dat fur 'nuff," said Stephen.

Without paying any attention to this, Pete kept on till they reached the summit of a high bluff, that afforded a view for some distance in every direction.

"Dis nice place," said he, seating himself with an air of great satisfaction, "for two niggas talk. Nebber talk in de house—de walls hab ears ;

nebber talk in de woods—de trees hab ears. Here can see all roun'."

"What dat sartain ting you gwine fur tell me?"

"Don't you tink good ting for one nigga help toder nigga?"

"Yes, s'pose so."

"Well, den, s'pose you work smart, learn de trabe, do all you can help me git free papers; den I help you git free papers."

"How you help me git free papers?"

"S'pose you learn de trabe, so be good cooper; den Massa Vergnaud say, 'Pete, I got cooper my own; no want you no longer.' You hab good trabe now; git you livin' anywhere; den you watch you chance, run for de mountain; go to Massa Godsoe; he buy you of old massa, same he did me, and Charles, and Tom; den I help you git work, buy youself; we work togedder, and I tell Massa Godsoe youse kummin."

"How will I find Massa Godsoe's?"

"Plenty folks in de mountain know. Dey tell you."

Stephen was now thoroughly aroused, and did not seem to be the same man. One would have thought new faculties had been implanted, so

great was the influence exerted upon his mind by the prospect the words of Pete opened before him, and the former had no longer any reason to complain of want of effort upon the part of his apprentice, although, when his master or the overseer was looking on, Stephen was very careful to work in the leisurely manner of a slave at his task, and often received a reprimand, and occasionally a blow with the whip, for working so much slower than his boss.

The black face of Pete absolutely shone with happiness when, at the end of the first month, he presented himself before his new master with his wages. Godsoe, who had been accustomed to employ coopers, was surprised, and half inclined to think he must have stolen part of the money, till Pete informed him that he had an apprentice, whose work went in to swell his.

"At this rate," said Godsoe, "you will earn your freedom long before the year is out."

Well he might, for some days he earned three dollars, sometimes four, then again one, according to the kind of work. Some days he did not have work. Then he would grind his tools, sort out his stuff, to have it handy, shave hoops, and make a

lock on one end, or sleep in the sun, in order to be more vigorous when work came.

Pete at length paid the last dollar to his master, and received his free papers, but continued to work for Vergnaud till the year had expired, when he left, and went to work for Lallemond at St. Pierre. Emboldened by listening to a conversation that occurred between Vergnaud and his overseer, from which he gathered that his old master was well satisfied with his work, and felt that he had received the worth of his money, Pete went to him as he was about to leave, and said, —

“Master, please wite on de paper Ise good cooper ; dat I work de whole year for you.”

“That is pretty well. You run away from me ; I hire you a whole year, and feed you besides, and now you want me to give you a recommendation.”

“Massa won't 'member dat 'gainst poor nigger. S'pose you slabe, massa ; wouldn't massa run, if he git chance ?”

“Expect I should.”

“'Sides, massa, I learn Steve be good cooper, and when massa Lacroix say he gib me more, dis chile no run de way ; he stay wid ole massa.”

“That's true. I know it to be a fact, and it is

the first time I ever knew a nigger to tell the truth. You deserve a recommendation, if only for that; but you have also done the best work for the money of any cooper I ever hired. They generally slight their work, when they work by the piece, but you have not. I'll give you a recommendation, and when I want a cooper, I'll employ *you*."

Vergnaud, going to his office, wrote and signed the testimonial, and gave it to Pete, who, after pouring forth a profusion of thanks, with the wonderful volubility characteristic of the West India negro, and in which they distance every other race, went on his way rejoicing.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ESCAPE.

VERY different were the feelings of Stephen, who was left behind. Alone in the shop, he not only missed the company of his companion, but also missed the five sous he was accustomed to receive for extra work, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. As he listened to the departing tread of his fellow-workman, there was a bitter pang gnawing at his heart, and the galling yoke of slavery pressed harder than ever before.

There were also other and more tangible causes of anguish. During the past year, he had worked in the shop all the time; now, he worked there only occasionally. Whenever Vergnaud was out of shooks or heading, he was put into the field gang again, received harder usage, and worked under the lash. His mind was also constantly occupied with the visions of liberty Pete had sug-

gested. On holidays, he pored over a rude chart of the road to the mountains the latter had drawn for him on a piece of palm leaf, and which he kept concealed under the floor of the shop till the burden became absolutely intolerable, and he resolved upon death or freedom, and was ceaselessly watching for some means of escape.

The slaves of Vergnaud were locked up in stone walls at night, and constantly watched through the day. In addition to this, a constant patrol was maintained during the night, and no slave could at any time leave the plantation without a pass. Bloodhounds were also kept to pursue fugitives, and, as there was very little possibility of recovering a slave who had once gained the shelter of the mountains, the pursuit was for that reason pressed with the greater vigor. The road was also long and difficult. Great, therefore, as was the difficulty of escaping from the plantation, the risk of recapture before reaching the mountains, that of severe punishment, and more rigorous treatment afterwards, were still greater.

With faculties by no means of a low order, sharpened by the hope of escape, Stephen, as the first step, proceeded to cover a breaking heart

with the semblance of cheerfulness. No negro on the plantation appeared so happy as he, even frolicsome. He danced and sang, was prompt in all his tasks, and whenever a job was assigned him in the shop, performed it in the best manner, and in the least possible time. This ~~was~~ soon noticed by the driver and the overseer, and in due time reached the ear, and attracted the attention of his master, the result being that he was more highly valued, more kindly treated, and less closely watched, Vergnaud congratulating himself that he had at last a cooper — an indispensable personage on a sugar estate — who was contented, and would not be likely to peril life and limb in running away.

While thus enjoying the good opinion of his superiors, Stephen cut his right arm while at work in the shop, inflicting a severe flesh wound. There is on every large estate a building appropriated for a hospital, and here Stephen was placed, among several other negroes who were ailing. It is, perhaps, superfluous to say, that his wound was not entirely the result of accident. This, however, was not suspected by his master, whom his previous excellent conduct had blinded, and he

was treated with great indulgence, as a valuable servant.

The hospital, with other buildings, was situated in a yard surrounded by a high stone wall, the gate of which was locked, the inmates being permitted free access to the yard at all times. The key of this gate, and the general supervision of the hospital, were committed to a French soldier, who had lost his left arm when the island was attacked by the British. He lodged in the mansion house, leaving the hospital and locking the gate at nine o'clock in the evening, two old negroes, who were past field work, sleeping in the building, and attending to the wants of the patients during the night. Stephen, familiar with all these details, laid his plans with the caution of one whose life and liberty are at stake. Pete had furnished him with a chart of the road he had followed when making his escape. In so doing, he had crossed a wide bay, that, besides greatly shortening the distance, and enabling him to land near the foot of the mountains, and in a country so broken that only mules could travel, and then only at a walking pace, effectually prevented all pursuit by hounds, at the outset.

In anticipation of his wound, Stephen had concealed a boat among the mangrove bushes at the shore, a few days previous. His arm had now healed, and he went about the plantation at pleasure; but with the cunning and ability to feign sickness which are peculiarly negro gifts, he contrived to make his master and the overseer believe that it was "still berry sore inside, and pained him dreadful" to lift it to his head, or shut up his hand, and screamed outright whenever he attempted to do so. He told his master, however, that "he hoped to be well by the cane harvest," that was now approaching.

The hoops that are shipped from the United States to the West India Islands must be soaked some little time in water before they are flexible enough to be bent, put on a cask, and driven without breaking. As the cooper's shop was on the bank of the stream that turned the cane-mill, Pete and Stephen had been accustomed to fasten small ropes to large bundles of hoops, and fling them into the stream, where they soaked, and were used as wanted. Stephen, winding one of these ropes around his body beneath his frock, concealed it at night in the hospital yard, together

with a hand-vice — a piece of iron, at one end of which is formed an eye, while the other terminates in a screw — used by coopers in setting up casks. He had also secreted in the boat materials for obtaining fire, — flint, steel, and tinder, — a small quantity of provisions, and, as a weapon, a cooper's axe. In one corner of the wall surrounding the yard was a drain, the mouth of which was secured by an iron grating. The wall was ten feet high, built of large stone, unhewn except on the outside, where something of that kind had been attempted, and the two top courses juttied over so as to form a sort of ornamental jet.

None of these particulars had escaped the notice of Stephen, who now proceeded to put his plan of escape, long concerted, in operation. There was no patrol or guard stationed near the hospital, the high wall and barred gate being considered sufficient for the safe keeping of sick persons.

As the patients who were able were permitted to go out into the yard whenever they pleased, by night or day, Stephen's first plan was, to follow the soldier as he left the yard for the night, knock him down, and kill him before he turned to lock the gate, and thus escape. For this purpose, he

had procured an iron bolt, fourteen inches long, and secreted it in his trousers, by constructing a pocket so that the bolt lay along his thigh; but, upon mature deliberation, he rejected this mode of proceeding, as involving too great risk of detection. He might miss his blow; the noise of the blow, or that made by the body in falling, might attract the notice of some one of the nurses, or, as it was not a late hour, of some one in the house, or some passer; and then the hope of liberty, that lay like a burning coal at the heart of Stephen, would be at an end.

The method he finally adopted was this. Waiting till ten o'clock, he stole from the room without exciting attention, and procured his rope, doubled it, and fastened the two ends to the iron grating of the drain. After stretching it out, he rove the bite at the other end through the eye of his hand-vice, flung it over the wall in the corner, and heard the iron strike the ground. He next, by a succession of short jerks, separated the two parts of the rope, flinging them astride the corner of the wall; then he drew in carefully on one part of the rope, and put his foot on it; then on the other, keeping them as far separated as possible;

till at length the bight brought up firm against the "jet" of the wall. A thrill of joy ran through the heart of the slave, as he heard the hand-vice strike the projecting stones of the wall, knew the rope had caught beneath them, and, by pulling, ascertained it was secure.

Stephen now twisted the two parts of the rope into one, and by its aid, and by placing his knees against the rough surface of the wall, soon reached the top; lying across which, he listened intently, and soon heard the mounted patrols in the distance, as they approached, making, as usual, the circuit of the plantation. Familiar with their movements, Stephen knew they would not approach within several rods of the hospital. Flinging the rope over the corner of the wall, he put both feet in the bight, thus letting himself down till his head was below the top, and listened till the tramp of hoofs, growing fainter and fainter, assured him that danger of detection from this source was for the present over. The rope, confined at the other end to the grating, furnished him with the means of descent; but, as he stretched out his bare feet, expecting to reach the ground, they came in contact with some soft sub-

stance, and that singular and startling grunt a hog gives when alarmed greeted him. Recovering from his momentary terror, he fled across the open ground to the shelter of the cane-fields, and lay down to take breath, and collect his thoughts.

This large field of cane extended to within a rod of the creek, where he had secreted his boat. The creek itself, after many short turns, emptied into the bay already referred to. In order to carry on the deception, evince a willingness to labor, and avert suspicion of feigning disability, Stephen told the overseer that he could with one hand strip the cane. This consisted in pulling off the lower leaves, which were scattered over the ground, in order to mulch the roots and retain the moisture. This work enabled him, without attracting attention, to make his preparations, visit his boat, secrete provisions in her, and conceal several bunches of cooper's shavings, dipped in tar, at different points among the cane, and cover them from the night dews with the dry leaves.

The cane grows to the height of twelve or fourteen feet, somewhat resembling, in its mode of growth, Indian corn. At every joint it sends out a long, pointed leaf, perhaps forty on a stalk, and

being planted close, nothing could afford a better cover, especially in the night. Indeed, detection, without the aid of a dog, would be well nigh impossible. His boat launched, in readiness to jump into, Stephen lay listening for the tramp of horses till assured by his ears the patrol had passed. Then, kindling his combustibles, he ran for his boat with the precipitation of one whose life depended on his speed, and paddled noiselessly down the creek till he had passed the first turn, where he was hidden from the view of any one on the bank by the mangroves, when, seizing both oars, with long strokes, into which he threw every energy of his frame, he struck out for liberty or death, fully resolved never to be taken alive, and to jump overboard if likely to be overtaken.

Trained to the severest toil, accustomed for months in the year to pull at the oar in the sugar launches, and excited to the utmost by the combined forces of hope and fear, he soon cleared the creek, gained the open bay, and directed his course to the mountains, whose dim outline rose black in the distance, and, as fear gave way to hope, redoubled his efforts.

As he gazed with anxious look towards the land

he had left in quest of any evidences of pursuit, any intimations that his absence had been discovered, he saw little circles of flame rising in different portions of the great field. A person pulling a boat alone sits with his face to the stern. In order, therefore, to make a direct course, he first brings the bow of the boat in the position he wishes, then takes some mark astern by which he regulates his course, without the inconvenience and delay of frequently looking over his shoulder.

It was of the utmost importance to Stephen to make a straight course, because it shortened distance, and economized both strength and time. He therefore made instant use of the flame to get and keep his boat in the right position. While he looked, the little spots of light gradually enlarged, and from running along near the ground, rose higher and higher, till at length two of them that had been gradually nearing each other, commingling, shot up to the sky in a pyramid of flame.

Directly upon this he heard a tremendous uproar — ringing of bells, blowing of conch shells, and the shouts of men, faint in the distance, not merely proceeding from the plantation he had left, but from others skirting the shores of the bay

across which he was pulling, and whose people were roused both by the alarm and the sight of the fire, now roaring with the wind of its own making, and rapidly spreading, for the soil was parched, and everything as dry as tinder. All along shore, for half a mile inside of him, boats and launches, filled with slaves, under the direction of their different overseers, were pulling to the scene of conflagration.

The black, so far from manifesting any alarm at this uproar, on one side so near to him, relaxed his efforts, hitherto pushed to the extreme of human endurance, for he began to feel that he must husband his strength, having yet a long pull before him, and considerable land travel after that, before he could reach the friendly shelter of the mountains.

Cutting off with his axe the top of a green cocoa-nut, he drank the milk, scooped out with his fingers and ate the meat, at that period of growth soft as jelly, and then, resuming his oars, pulled leisurely but steadily along, talking to himself, as negroes invariably will, if long alone, for talk they must, and, if they can find no one to talk with, converse and hold long arguments with them-

selves, consisting of both question and answer, like children.

"Kum back here, you black tief. Whar you gwine wid dat boat?"

"No stop, no way, massa, 'cause Ise in a hurry; gwine to de mountain. Good by, ole massa. Sorry can't inwite you, dear ole massa; 'cause when de cockroaches mek a party, dey neber inwites de hens. Whar de bloodhoun', massa? Why you no set 'em on, tear dat runaway nigga all to pieces? Bloodhoun' he got his nose full o' salt water; he no smell good; no smell nigga. Salt water mek him sneeze. Ky, massa, ky!"

He disturbed the silence of the night with peals of laughter, and at intervals,—as breath permitted, for he never ceased pulling, though not with the same amount of exertion as at first,—continued his soliloquy.

"Poor ole massa; berry sorry for him, I is; fifteen hunder dollar nigga runnin' way; good cooper; mek 'lasses cask, rum cask, sugar cask; can't stop for cotch him, 'cause de cane all burnin' up; tousands dollars all gwine to burn; s'pose cane-mill burn, s'pose massa's house burn, s'pose massa burn hissself. Dis chile no care for dat.

S'pose dis chile cry? No! He dance fandango, he throw hisself. You no put dis nigga in de stocks; no cut his back no more; no burn him wid de hot iron. Most crop time, massa. Feel bad see de cane all burn up? Hope you feel worser; dat so; dat what dis chile say; dat what dis chile tink 'bout it."

Stephen was now nearing the opposite side of the bay, and by the faint light that was just breaking, discerned a mountain of peculiar form laid down on his chart, and that had also been particularly described to him by Pete. He now again increased somewhat his efforts, till he thrust the boat into a narrow creek fringed with bushes, trees, and trailing vines. Here he set his boat adrift, that was soon carried by the ebbing tide out of the creek.

The negro without delay, guided alone by his chart, and the sun, that had now risen, plunged into the defiles of the mountains, which, at the shore of moderate size, were but the advanced guard of groups greater in magnitude, and made no attempt to conceal his trail, his object being to reach those fearful solitudes of the central portion

of the island inhabited by vagabonds, and which once attained, his safety was assured.

He was not now, indeed, apprehensive of capture, knowing very well that every person on the plantation capable of exertion would, for the greater portion of the day, be completely occupied in putting out the fire, after which the half-burned canes must be made use of directly, in order to obtain from them an inferior kind of sugar. He could not be tracked from the plantation by dogs, and, though the absence of the boat would make it certain that he had taken to the water, yet, as he had set the boat adrift, his landing-place could be ascertained, and dogs put on his track, only by following the windings of the shore till the animals took the scent.

These circumstances combined to give the negro so much the start as to preclude all hope of overtaking him before reaching the central defiles of the mountains. The fugitive, who had planned his escape with so much judgment, was by no means ignorant of the advantage he had gained, and, well aware that his master never attempted to follow a runaway who he supposed had gained the mountains, pursued his way till the latter part of

the afternoon, and then, cutting a few branches to shelter him from the dew, placed them against a perpendicular cliff, and lay down beneath their shelter, to enjoy his first night of freedom; for Stephen was not an imported negro, but slave-born on the plantation of Vergnaud.

No calamity is more terrible, or more dreaded, on a plantation, than fire among the cane, which sometimes destroys both the crops and all the buildings and machinery of the planter, occasioning absolute ruin. It is, therefore, a ready means of revenge for some real or fancied injury, and made use of at times both by black and white.

Stephen was correct in supposing there would be no pursuit, for the remaining portion of the night, and the whole of the next day, were employed in arresting the fire, leaving every one completely exhausted. It was also necessary to immediately gather and grind the partially burned cane, and, in these circumstances, there was no attempt to follow the runaway.

Vergnaud did not even suspect Stephen of setting the cane on fire to cover his flight and prevent pursuit. A few months previous, he had hired a French carpenter to build him a droger.

and, at settlement, they had a quarrel. The carpenter accused Vergnaud of falsifying the agreement, and cheating him, and had sworn it should cost Vergnaud more than the price of one droger, or two. This man bore the character of being both unprincipled and revengeful. The planter, therefore, came directly to the conclusion it was the carpenter who set the cane on fire, and that Stephen, who probably had been long planning his escape, and shammed sickness, had taken advantage of the opportunity to effect it.

Stephen lay in the sun for the greater portion of the time, till his provisions were exhausted, and then, on a Sunday night, when he had good reason to suppose Pete was at home, presented himself at Godsoe's house, who fed him for some weeks, and then purchased him, though at a higher figure than in the case of Pete and the others, Vergnaud saying, "if all his niggers were going to run to Godsoe, and he wanted to free them, he must pay for them."

CHAPTER XIV.

ESCORTED BY WOLVES.

THE stone-workers whom Godsoe had directed Lallemont to send him arrived, and the former, now directing his energies into an entirely new channel, proved himself as well adapted to the management of matters on the land as on the ocean, and forthwith commenced to improve his plantation.

As we have already shown, the productive qualities of this place were very great. But one serious drawback was the distance from, and difficulty of access to, a market. Godsoe now set himself to both increase its productiveness and improve the communications. To this end, he hired all the white, and bought all the black, fugitives he could lay hands on, and set them at work. One gang was employed in clearing new land, and planting coffee trees; two more in working on the

communications. Many of them were old pirates, and had never followed so honest a calling in all their lives before. Few men could have managed these reckless spirits, much less have obtained any real labor from them; but Godsoe experienced no difficulty, and those who bade defiance to law, and seemed to have divested themselves of the common feelings of humanity, both loved and feared the once outlaw chieftain.

As a large number of mules were put to work, and many men were employed in blasting stone, Charles and Tom had all they could do in the blacksmith's shop, tempering drills, shoeing mules, and repairing damages to carts and chains. Godsoe removed the boulders from the Madman's Pass, also the fallen trees, and so improved the mule track from there to the main road as to render it safe, and enable a beast of burden to carry double the load, and with greater ease than before.

The defile called the Madman's Pass was, according to the traditions of the island, cleft by an earthquake through a mountain ridge, that bounded on one side the valley in which Godsoe's plantation lay. The depth of this chasm approached so near to the bed of a stream that ran along the

opposite side of the ridge, as to divert the whole of its water, and cause it to flow through the defile, into the plantation of Godsoe, from whence, skirting the roots of the mountains, it entered the sea.

Huge masses of rock, falling from the precipices, had bridged the defile, and made it passable for mules, at first arresting almost entirely the flow of water; but in time a small stream, working its way, continued to flow beneath the pass into the grounds of Godsoe, as at first. It was, however, of very little use as a means of transportation, except during a short time in the rainy season, by reason of its shallowness, and of obstructions near its mouth, rendering, even at that period of the year, land carriage necessary. Otherwise, it would have increased the value of the plantation fourfold.

No native of Martinique would have ever dreamed of interfering with the operations of nature, and attempting to remedy these disadvantages; but Godsoe belonged to a different race, and set himself, with the indomitable energy of his nature, to accomplish a twofold purpose — increase the value of the plantation to William, use

up the proceeds of piracy in feeding and employing the slaves, thus enabling them to earn their freedom, form habits of industry and self-reliance during the process, and then, by buying land for them, constitute them freeholders.

This was the plan he devised while seated by the fugitives' fire at midnight, in the Madman's Pass. He ascertained that the passage beneath the -Pass was sufficient to convey a great deal larger volume of water than had ever passed through it, even in the rainy season. The brook was in its present state, at the rainy season, navigable for a launch to a point where it met the highway. There it was obstructed by rocks, and the freight must be landed, and carried on mules, or with carts. From this place it flowed on till it entered the harbor of Port Royal. The rocks of Martinique are in general volcanic in their character, with some admixture of limestone. Pumice also abounds. Godsoe found that the mass of rock that at the portage obstructed the brook was very largely composed of pumice stone, rotten and easily removed, and furthermore, that it rested upon a bed of limestone.

This he removed, down to the limestone, and

made a deep cut in that, of sufficient width to admit of the passage of two launches abreast, thus affording a clear channel into Port Royal harbor. In addition to this, as there was considerable fall, it was to be expected the water, by wearing the limestone, would constantly deepen the channel. All necessity of portage was now done away with, and in the rainy season produce could be carried from the plantation alongside the vessels.

The facility of communication by both routes was now very much increased, and the net worth of the property in a corresponding ratio. Godsoe did by no means stop here, but built a dam on the original stream, near to the end of the pass, and thus turned the greater portion of the water through the underground channel, to swell the volume of his stream. During the dry season, the dam turned the whole of the water through the pass, and in the rainy season it ran over.

He now had sufficient water the year through, built a new launch of cedar, very flat, and with great breadth of beam, put into her a load of coffee, and carried it, in the height of the dry season, without accident or a moment's detention, to Port Royal. Meanwhile, in view of greater facil-

ities of transport, the gang at work on the plantation had subdued several acres, and planted them with coffee trees. These various improvements occupied three years, during which period this retreat, formerly valued most of all by its owner because both difficult and dangerous of access, was by the same person, and by dint of great labor and expenditure, brought into ready communication with the coast, and other portions of the island.

Godsoe now discharged his laborers, bought land, settled Charles, Tom, Pete, and Stephen upon small lots, in order that, having permanent places of abode, they might live from the soil, when work at their several trades was lacking. In these different ways Godsoe had expended the last dollar of the ill-gotten wealth concealed in the cave, and, apparently satisfied with what he had accomplished, rested from his labors, and the place resumed its former quiet appearance.

Although Godsoe had expended the money to which we have referred in the cave, he still was possessed of abundant means. There still remained in the cave the sum realized from the sale of half the plantation to William, and the profits

derived from the remaining portion, daily increasing in amount, by reason of improved culture, the clearing up and bringing into cultivation of new land, and facility of getting produce to market. He, however, manifested no desire to make any new outlay, planted no cane, and merely employed labor sufficient to take care of the coffee and other crops, already on the land.

About this time he received a letter from his brother Edward, and also from Captain Griffin. The latter informed him that "he was about to sail for the Mediterranean, and should not probably come to Martinique for a long time; but that Captain Seth Warren, an old schoolmate of his, was soon to sail for that port in the *Hardscrabble*, and that he might safely intrust him with any property or documents he wished to send." When, in due time, Captain Warren arrived, Godsoe sent the money in the cave by him to his father for Willie, and, not wishing to make himself personally known to his old schoolmate, transacted the business through Lallemon.

When, in process of time, this became known among the neighbors, all except those in the secret supposed that Godsoe meant to invest all his prop-

erty in America, and then follow himself. In the mean while the little boy, the object of so much solicitude, and whom so handsome an inheritance awaited, in the summer went barefoot after the cows, with clothes his grandmother had woven, and colored in the blue dye-pot or with willow bark, steadying the oxen at the plough ; in the spring, dropping potatoes and corn, riding the horse to furrow and plough among the crops ; spreading hay in the season ; and in autumn, picking apples, and doing other light work, as his increasing strength and age permitted.

When winter and the deep snows came, he wore cowhide shoes made by his grandfather, — it being quite customary then for people to make shoes for themselves and their families, — breeches of fulled cloth, buskins, red woollen stockings, mittens and comforter of the same color, and a fox-skin cap, his uncle's manufacture ; going a mile to school with Winthrop Griffin and Edmund, junior, the Griffins or Edward Godsoe taking them to the school-house in the sleigh, or on an ox sled, when the snow was very deep, and leaving them to get home as they best could.

After Willie began to go to school, he soon out-

grew the little blacks, and, though he treated them kindly, played with them in common with the other children at school, and always stood up for them when imposed upon, he no longer inclined to go to the house, and preferred associates of his own color; but whenever they came to see him they were heartily welcomed. On Sabbath days he went to meeting, sitting between his uncle and grandmother, with his feet in her muff, or on her foot-stove, to keep them warm—for there were no fires in meeting-houses then.

He was up bright and early in the winter mornings, to feed his calves, hens, turkeys, and milk Aunt Dinah,—the line-backed cow,—and learned to throw snow-balls, slide, coast, and skate. The boys had glorious times skating on the mill-pond in the evenings, when they built great fires of slabs, that were then of no value, but flung out of the tail of the mills, and suffered to go adrift. The shores of the pond were also covered with forest, in which was an abundance of dead wood, branches of trees, and whole tops of dead pines, that, broken off by the winds, sometimes came down endwise, and stuck up above the snow, upheld by the neighboring trees. These the boys—

being always provided with axes—cut off, and flung on the fire.

There were also a good many large pines prostrate on the ground, the sap wood of which was completely rotten, while the heart was sound as ever, being saturated with pitch. This pitch wood the boys got out with axes and shovels, on Saturday afternoons, when they could have daylight to work by, and piled it up in the woods. It would burn like a candle, and when they came in the evening to skate,—the darker the night, the better,—each boy would have his long stick of pitch wood, and away they would go, careering over the pond like so many meteors. It was bully fun, I tell you, for the boys that were used to it. What then, think you, must it have been to Willie, with whom it was an entirely new thing?

Why, don't you think! the first fall after Willie came to Pleasant Cove,—indeed, it was the day before he started with his grandfather and grandmother to go to Isaac Godsoe's,—the wind came north-west, and the weather was quite cool,—Willie, on his way to the barn in the morning, for the first time in his life saw his own breath. Terrified, he ran into the house to his grandmother,

with both hands on his stomach, very pale, the tears running down his cheeks, and cried, —

“Gran’ma’am, Willie’s all afire inside.”

“Nonsense, child! What put that in your head?”

“I am, gran’ma’am, ’cause I see the smoke come out my mouth.”

“There ain’t any smoke coming out of your mouth.”

“There was, gran’ma’am ; ’cause I see it.”

“Well, it’s your breath smokes ; allers does when it’s cool weather. You’ll see it again, when you go out doors.”

The night before Thanksgiving, there came a slight fall of snow. Willie looked out of the door in the morning, and told his grandfather it was raining white sugar.

You may judge, therefore, how new and delightful were the winter sports of American boys to Willie, deepening in interest as he increased in age. Notwithstanding the amiable and affectionate disposition of Willie, the fearless spirit and iron will of John Godsoe soon began to manifest themselves in his boy.

Occasionally, when the laughter was loudest on

the pond, and the merry skaters were at the height of their enjoyment, the long-drawn howl of a wolf would rise on the air, and ring through the woods, followed, in a few moments, by those of the whole pack. Instantly the laughter and shouting would cease, and the boys, huddled together around the fire, would listen or converse in whispers.

“We needn’t care for them,” some of the older boys — generally a Griffin — would say. “They are feared of a fire; they won’t come nigh a fire, father says they won’t.”

Then they would take heart of grace, increase the fire, and when the howls ceased, begin once more to skate; but the shouts were more subdued, they avoided the distant portions of the pond, the shadow of the woods, skated within the glare of the fire, and went home that night some earlier than usual.

It was a more decided test of their courage if, on some night when the ice was good, the weather moderate, a large company present, and everything favorable for a capital evening’s sport, the howling of the wolves was heard, the fuel gave out just after commencing to skate, and they

must go home, or go into the woods for more. Then the boys would gather around the waning fire, listen, and look upon each other in silence. After a little, Willie Godsoe, now grown a stout lad, would say, "I'll go first. Who's going home so soon as this? I ain't, for one."

It needed but this—some one to lead them. Part of the boys would then carry the torches, while the rest lugged the wood, the torch-bearers all the while barking like dogs, and completely out-voicing the wolves. But the severest proof of courage was when they formed in Indian file to go home, lighted only by their torches, the fire dying out behind them, the trees on each side of the mill road—but two rods in width—casting their dark shadow over them, and the savage howls coming, in imagination, nearer and nearer, while many a timorous, excited boy saw eyeballs glaring in the woods, and heard the crust crack beneath the foot of the wolf.

On such occasions, the smaller boys were placed in front, the larger in the rear. Then, with lighted torches, they set out, barking all the way; but no one, even of the largest boys, cared to be the *very* last,—to have nothing but darkness between him

and the wolves. A boy in that position might certainly be excused, though he should imagine the yells came nearer and nearer, and that a wolf was snapping at the calves of his legs, hear the stealthy tread, and feel the hot breath of the demon.

Thus it was that, without any appearance of bravado, Will Godsoe always volunteered to bring up the rear. Gradually, and without any violence or heart-burnings, Will grew up to be the champion of the boys of his age, was as much beloved as relied upon, for there was nothing obstinate or overbearing in his nature, but a quiet firmness that nothing could shake, and an inclination to prefer the happiness of others to his own; and thus without any disagreeable consciousness of it on their part, he exerted over his mates an influence as great as did his father over the outlaws of the mountains, and the sea wolves who took refuge, from time to time, in the defiles around the island glen.

The lad, increasing in years, strength, and familiarity with labor, as his grandfather failed in vigor, gradually took the work the old gentleman had been in the habit of doing out of his hands, till

when his grandfather spent most of the time in his easy-chair, or walked about to view the crops, or see the neighbors, with the gold-headed cane, in the form of a snake, made of a West India vine, and highly polished, his son had sent him, Will and his uncle performed the farm labor.

The house now occupied by Mr. Godsoe he had built; but the log house in which he was born, and where he grew up, was still standing on its original foundation. It was used, the lower portion for a sheep house, and the upper for storing flax, wool, odds and ends, and Mrs. Godsoe used to spin there in warm weather. It was the favorite spot for a quilting. Whenever one of these came off, the old chamber—for the second story, or, rather, garret, was now all in one room—was swept out with hemlock brooms, the floor washed, all the old ladies of Mrs. Godsoe's age were invited, and in the evening they had supper there, when the old gentlemen came.

Then, stirred up by the associations connected with the place, didn't they go back to the old, ancient days, and tell Indian stories? For the old house had rung to the crack of a rifle more than once. It was built in 1730, and the first thirty

years after it was inhabited were more or less years of blood, when no man went to the field, to meeting, after the cows, or to visit a neighbor, without his weapons.

Many of the old people who came to the quilt-ings had been actors in those scenes, and the guns they had used, and with which they had defended their homes, still hung in the brackets over the fireplace.

The young people dearly loved to come to the evening's entertainment, for the fund of stories was inexhaustible, since the old people not only related their own experiences, but also all that they had heard from their ancestors. With these were intermingled bear stories, wolf stories, stories about wrestling, lifting, and the feats of the powerful men of the olden time.

It is probable that when these old folks got pretty well warmed up with talking, they might have sometimes drawn a pretty long bow. One evening, in particular, the old ladies got to telling what they had done in the way of weaving, spinning, and so on. Then the old gentlemen followed suit. One said he went to a raising in such a year, and threw everybody they brought on ; an-

one told how many cords of wood he cut in a day, on a wager; another, how much he lifted; another, how much wheat he reaped in a day.

While all this was going on, Peter Brock, the blacksmith, who was a dry old fellow, sat silent, an attentive and interested listener. At length Captain Rhines said, —

“Mr. Brock, you’ve always been reputed a strong man. Haven’t you never tried your strength in any of these ways — tried to see what you could do?”

“Well, captain, I never was much given to them ere ways of doing, always used my strength about my work. But one rainy day, in the spring of the year, there had been a lot of folks at the shop, a-telling what they’d done, same like as you have now. So, arter they went out, I was silly enough to see what *I* could do in that ere foolish way; so I drawed off and struck at the anvil, and made a dent in it the whole bigness of my knuckles. That’s *all* ever *I* done.”

This sally of Uncle Peter wound up the stories of that kind for the evening. One evening of the same winter, when the boys, returning from skating, said they heard a wolf following them, and

some said they saw him, the old folks ridiculed the idea, thought the boys were frightened, and imagined it. But the next morning, sure enough, there were the tracks, and of more than one wolf, alongside the beaten path made by the boys in coming home. People became alarmed, and shut up their sheep at night, which they had latterly neglected. That night, Edward Godsoe was awaked by the violent barking of his dog, and going out, found the dog on the doorstep, in a great fright, and trembling all over. He went back for his gun, but the wolves took to flight when they heard the door open the second time.

He now went to the sheep house, found the sheep all huddled together in one end, and three lying on the floor with their throats torn open. Upon examination, it was ascertained that on the south-east corner the bottom logs of the old house had, in process of years, become thoroughly rotten at their ends, and, by tearing away the ends of both, the wolves effected an entrance, and, had they not been alarmed, would in a very few moments more have killed the entire flock; for a wolf prefers to tear the throat of a sheep, and suck its blood, rather than eat the flesh.

The boys were greatly excited, especially Will, who had now grown to be a tall, strong lad, fond of hunting, and they one and all resolved they would try conclusions with the wolves. Instructed, probably, by their elders, they set to work, and in the first place, tying a rope to the bloody heads and harslets of two sheep, they dragged them from the mill-pond some distance along the path made by themselves. In this path they buried a wolf-trap, covering the trap, and the chain by which it was fastened to a tree, lightly with snow, first taking the precaution to smear the entire trap and chain with blood, in order that the wolf might not scent the iron.

As the trail of blood was interrupted by covering the trap with clean snow, they squeezed the heart and liver of a sheep in their hands, causing the blood to run in a stream all over the clean snow above the trap, thus renewing the trail. Their calculation was, that the wolf or wolves would take this trail at the pond, and, following it up, run over the trap; for though a wolf, unless mad with hunger, will not often take bait from a trap, they hoped in this way to deceive this keen-scented, wary brute.

Whether they all slept together that night I am sure I cannot say, but before sunrise the next morning they were all there,—ten *boys*, as they were called, though Winthrop Griffin, Henry Lancaster, and the Colcord boys were well along in their teens. Will Godsoe and Henry Lancaster were armed with guns, loaded with bullets and buckshot. When in sight of the trap, they set up a great shout, for there was my gentleman, a big, gray dog wolf, fast by the right fore leg. No risk of his getting clear, for the trap was a strong one, and had held many a wolf before.

The bone of his leg was broken, and it was evident he had not been trapped long, or he would have gnawed his own leg off, and got clear. He had wound himself close to the roots of a pine by running around it, in his efforts to get away, but, the instant he espied the boys, began to run around the other way, and, coming towards them to the extent the chain allowed, stood at bay.

The boys halted, just out of reach, to admire and talk to him.

“You’re a handsome man,” said Will. “What ails your leg? Seems to be sore. Haven’t combed your head, nor washed your face, this morning.”



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Every hair on the body of the brute stood up, and his nose, to the eyes, was smeared with blood.

"'Twas him killed your sheep, Will," said Winthrop. "See the blood on his nose."

Henry Lancaster shoved the muzzle of his gun into his mouth, when the brute fastened upon it with such venom and force that he was unable to pull it away. Henry was about to pull the trigger, and send the whole charge down his throat, when Will Godsoe shouted, —

"Don't shoot him, Hen. Let's take him out of the trap, and we can have lots of fun with him."

"Let's have a trial by jury for sheep-stealing and murder, — for I warrant he's killed folks, — bring him in guilty, and hang him," said Lancaster.

"Will you put the rope on his neck?" said Winthrop Griffin.

"No, I guess I won't."

"I will," said Will Godsoe.

"Let's build a fire round him, and burn him at the stake," said Tom Colcord.

"I wouldn't," said Sam Waterhouse. "We'll all get our guns, load with ball, and fire at him, at so much a shot, divide the money, and draw lots for the skin."

"I'll tell you what's better than that," said Will. "Fix him so he can't bite, take him out of the trap, and chain him in our barn till we have time to talk it over, and think what's best to do, and perhaps we can make a toler of him, to trap lots of wolves."

This plan met with unanimous approval. They now began to contrive methods to get him out of the trap, and there are very few things a gang of intelligent, resolute boys will not accomplish, when their faculties are put on the stretch, and directed to a common purpose.

They procured a long piece of raft rope at Edmund Griffin's, some smaller line from Captain Rhines's, a piece of white oak, eighteen inches long, with a hole in each end, and commenced operations. It was no child's play, but the boys and their leader were equal to the occasion.

The wolf, as he stood at bay, his hair erect, with flashing eyes, his lips drawn back, showing his terrible teeth and red tongue, and frothing at the mouth, was certainly not an object calculated to invite a nearer approach. At times he would lift the trap into the air, and dash it into the snow, uttering no howl or moan, but only a hoarse

growl, and ever facing his antagonists. The boys put one part of the raft rope through the other, thus making a single knot, and endeavored to fling the bight over his head, in order to get it around his neck. But the wolf frustrated their efforts. Despite of all they could do, he would get it into his mouth.

“I’ll fix him,” said Will Godsoe.

He procured a pole, ran it through the bight of the rope, and then held the end of it to the wolf’s nose. The creature instantly seized it with his teeth, and the rest of the boys took the opportunity, while his mouth was shut, to slide the bight of the rope over his head to his neck; then, making one end fast to a tree, they began to draw and choke him. The wolf, dropping the pole, struggled desperately, flinging himself into the air in his agony, and endeavored to run backwards; but all his struggles were in vain.

In a few moments, the boys had his tongue out of his mouth, and he fell on his breast, and gasped for breath. Winthrop Griffin got astride of him, grappling to the long hair on his neck, while Will thrust the stick across the back part of his mouth, and lashed it, passing the turns through the holes

in the end of the stick, over the top of his head, and under his lower jaw, then around his body, back of his fore legs, that it might not slip forward, or he be able to work it out of his mouth. They then slacked the rope, to let him breathe freely.

The wolf now got upon his feet, but he was entirely helpless, and in the power of his captors; his mouth he could neither shut nor open, and his teeth were useless, and tying a rope round his neck, they freed him from the trap by cutting off his leg.

It was thought best to bind up the wound; so Will dispensed with a portion of his shirt, upon which they spread fir balsam, cut off some of the hair from his tail and stuck on it, and then bound it up. They now essayed to make him walk on three legs, but he utterly refused; they could drag him, but walk he would not.

"Twist his tail," said Winthrop; "that's the way my father makes the oxen come up to the bull ring when he wants to kill 'em."

They twisted his tail, but it was no use.

"I'll go home," said Henry Lancaster, "if some of you will go with me, "and get our great 'ban-

garder.'” This was a large sled the Lancaster boys used to haul staves to the shore. They put the animal on this, together with the trap, chain, and their guns, and hauled him home in triumph, and into Uncle Godsoe’s barn floor. A new difficulty now arose. If they kept the stick in his mouth, he could neither eat nor drink; if they took it out, he would bite them, bite the rope off, and get loose.

In this dilemma they sought aid from Mr. Godsoe. He made a leather collar, fitted it to the wolf’s neck, and sewed the chain of the trap to it.

“How shall we get the stick out of his mouth, grandfather?” said Will.

“I’ll show you, my boy.”

They had put him in a calf-pen, one side of which was formed by the side of the barn, and the other by nailing boards to upright joists; through this he cut a hole more than sufficient to admit the wolf’s head. He then cut a hole through a piece of inch and a quarter stuff, barely large enough to admit his neck, and split the board in the middle with a saw, leaving half of the hole on each part, and nailed the one half of it over the hole in the partition, shoved the head of

the wolf through the hole, and then nailed the other half to the partition over the top of his neck. Unable to draw back his head, he was incapable of mischief.

"Grandfather," said Will, "you know more than all of us."

The boys now removed the stick from his jaws at their leisure, and, when they had done it, were impudent enough to spit in his face. Will now reached over the top of the partition, and with a crowbar pried off the upper piece of board, liberating the animal's neck, when he sprang back, snarling and showing his teeth, as savage as ever.

"He's good grit," said Uncle Godsoe; "but starve him a day or two, and lather him a little with the ox goad, he'll be supple enough."

The event proved that Uncle Godsoe was right. The brute soon ceased to snarl and show fight, except when annoyed, and the boys found his habits very much like those of a dog. He lapped water in the same way, and, after his leg healed, would hold a bone between his paws, and gnaw it, as they do; but he was a great deal stronger in his jaws, and would grind bones no dog could master.

The third night, they were roused at midnight by a great uproar in the barn. The wolf was uttering the most dismal howls, that were answered from outside. This frightened the cattle, who were roaring and plunging at their fastenings, and the oxen had broken their bows. The horse was more alarmed than the rest, and sweat and trembled with fear. Edward and Will went out with their guns, in hopes to get a shot; but the wolves were in the woods at a distance, and though they continued their howling, kept out of sight.

Uncle Godsoe made a muzzle for the wolf, that permitted him to breathe freely, but not to bite. By putting the chain through a hole in the partition, pulling him up to it, and beating him a few times with a pitchfork handle, Will and Winthrop made him submit to have the muzzle put on, and could lead him anywhere around the premises.

They began, at length, to get tired of him. It was a great deal of work, after the offal of the sheep he had slaughtered was consumed, to kill rabbits and squirrels to feed him, and they began to think of making him serve the purpose of a decoy, to draw others of his kind within shot.

Will, Winthrop, and Henry Lancaster made a

booth of brush for concealment, put part of a sheep Mr. Lancaster lost on the ice at the pond, and chained the wolf to a tree near by. But although he called, and the rest answered him, they were too cunning to come within shot.

Foiled in this, they resorted to another method, — buried two traps in the snow, and chaining the wolf between them, went away, thinking that the wild wolves, coming to him from one direction or the other, would certainly step into one of the traps. In the morning, both traps were dug up, turned upside down, and sprung, the chain was hanging to the tree, but there was no wolf attached to it. All they found were his jaws, skull, thigh bones, and hair, scattered around. Even the leather collar was devoured.

Will's grandfather did not manifest 'the least surprise at this, though the boys were very much astonished. Indeed, the old gentleman had become heartily tired of the animal, and though he did not like to tell Will he must kill him, it was just the result he both desired and expected.

Let us, after this digression, return to note the movements of Will's father, and the progress of affairs on the Island of Martinique, as so energetic

a spirit could not, for any length of time, remain without occupation of some kind, after so long an experience of vicissitudes and hair-breadth escapes, and might, peradventure, carry into effect the fearful purpose he had, in the confidence of close friendship, at the moment of separation imparted to Captain Griffin.

CHAPTER XV.

UNCONTROLLED PASSION. — ITS EFFECTS.

ABOUT the time that Godsoe finished his work on the plantation, the river, and the Madman's Pass, William, astonished at the activity and cheerfulness of his master, and the wonderful energy and capacity he manifested, expressed his surprise that he should expend such an amount of money and labor in facilitating the means of access to a plantation, half of which he had sold, given away the other half, except a life interest, had liberated his slaves, and raised no crops.

Godsoe replied, "I have provided for all the rest, — my son, my father and mother, made liberal presents to my brothers and sisters, provided for my old servants, and I now intend to take care of *you*. I shall not much longer seek or desire *concealment*."

Although Godsoe had never spoken plainly to

William on the subject, as he had to Captain Griffin, yet from casual remarks dropped in conversation, he had gathered that his master was seriously thinking of surrendering himself to the civil authorities, and requiring them to execute him. Well knowing his firmness of purpose and iron nerve, he could not for a moment doubt that he would do thus, if thoroughly convinced it was his duty.

When, after these conversations, he saw Godsoe throw off the burden that had so long oppressed him with the deepest melancholy, become cheerful, begin to interest himself in the welfare of the fugitive negroes, and enter into active employment, he concluded the sombre mood had passed away, never to return, and dismissed his fears.

But the remark that "he should not much longer desire or seek *concealment*," made by Godsoe, revived them all. The more he reflected upon the matter in the light of that remark, the more probable it seemed that his master still cherished that idea as strongly as ever, and his conduct seemed to confirm it. The sale and gift of his plantation, provision for Willie, and for his parents and servants, providing facilities of communication for

himself, coupled with the remark that having consulted the interests of others he was now going to take care of him, seemed to William precisely like the acts of a person who, thinking he had not long to live, was making his last dispositions.

Even the cheerfulness of Godsoe, now that the suspicions of the negro were fairly awakened, went far to confirm the same idea, and appeared to him as resulting from that relief which the human mind experiences, when, after long and anxious suspense, a final and satisfactory decision is reached.

These reflections occasioned in the mind of William so much anxiety that his sleep went from him. At one time he was inclined to think Godsoe was right; that one who, without provocation, had shed innocent blood, and made an occupation of murder, owed the sacrifice, and should himself suffer the penalty. At other times it seemed a species of self-murder, and horrible, and, however fully he admitted the *justice* of the act in the abstract, shrank from the contemplation of it in respect to one he so dearly loved.

In his opinion, his master was just really beginning to live; those energies that had been hitherto

only employed for the injury were devoted to the welfare of his fellow-men ; and for him now to perish, in the vigor of life and usefulness, seemed very much like diminishing the sum of human happiness, and a wanton sacrifice of good principles, and he longed to, yet dared not, speak to him in regard to the matter.

On the north-east side of the island was a harbor called the Bay du Galion, into which the River Galion emptied. Godsoe frequently had occasion to go to this place. There were several planters living near there to whom he had formerly sold slaves, and had latterly lent money. One of them, Monsieur Delorme, was an intimate friend of Godsoe, and had formerly been concerned with him in navigation. He was accustomed, on such occasions, to take the mule-path through Madman's Pass, then a bridle-path till he struck the banks of the Galion at a deserted plantation, where, leaving the beast, he took a dug-out, kept for the purpose, and, making the rest of the journey by water, thus shortened the distance. It was the same track — with which our readers are, many of them, familiar — used by him and Walter at their first interview after the escape of the former from

the Languedoc, on the night Lemaire was captured.

He left the plantation in the afternoon, intending to make his journey, the greater part of it, in the night, both going and returning, and heavily armed, as usual. William, as he looked after him, resolved that at the first convenient opportunity he would speak to his master in respect to the matter that was constantly preying upon his mind when about his work, and in many a wakeful hour at night.

Godsoe reached the deserted plantation just as the sun was setting, and tethering his mule among the ruins of the stables, where the grass grew most luxuriantly, gazed upon the massive walls of the mansion-house, over which creeping plants were twining, almost concealing the evidences of decay beneath a mantle of green, and where wild fig trees thrust their roots between joints from which the mortar had fallen, their broad foliage all aglow in the beams of the slanting sunlight.

Although by no means given to sentiment, a shade of sadness crossed the stern features of Godsoe as he thus communed with himself: "This place, they say, once belonged to Monsieur Volumard.

He, too, was passing rich, but with money gained by unlawful means. In a fit of passion, he slew his only son, became a raving maniac, and the place, they say, is cursed. Scores of years he has been in his grave, somewhere among this rubbish of his fallen buildings, not to be distinguished; and yet his name, and the record of his crimes, still cling to these crumbling walls, and will for ages to come.

“By and by men will look down from the hills upon the glen, and say, ‘This was Godsoe’s hiding-place. Here was where the old pirate lived.’ That, too, will be cursed, and after nightfall innocent people will fear to go there. But they won’t all say that. O, no. There will be a few poor men who’ll breathe a prayer even over the pirate’s dust, and say, ‘He was sorry at the last, and, though he could not undo the evil he had done, strove to lift the down-trodden, help the poor and fatherless, bore his punishment without a murmur, and died praying for mercy.’”

Sitting down upon the threshold of the cane-mill, he buried his face in the folds of his mantle, and remained silent, listening to the moan and rush of the stream, amid the decaying timbers of

the foundation, and the scattered fragments of the old water-wheel. What reflections in view of the past, and purposes in respect to the future, what throes of agony and glimmerings of hope, with alternate storm and sunshine, succeeded each other in that turbulent soul, will never be known. Without further manifesting his emotions, he entered the boat, and, after carefully examining his arms, and placing them in readiness for instant use, pulled leisurely down the stream, and was lost to view in the gathering twilight. Quiet and beautiful as this place seemed by the light of day, in the night it was frequently the haunt of vagabond whites and negroes, many of them outlaws from choice, and well armed. The walls of the old plantation house were blackened with fires of their kindling, and whoever, from chance or necessity, chose the path pursued by Godsoe, need look carefully to his weapons.

On the eastern and less frequented side of Martinique, a small stream, rising far back in the mountain defiles, its mouth obstructed by coral, and dangerous of access, empties into Trinity Bay.

Just one week before Godsoe set out upon the journey to which we have referred, a schooner,

appearing to a casual observer of not more than twenty tons' burden, — though in reality nearer forty, because she was deep, sharp built, and with good breadth of beam, a large portion of her hull concealed beneath the water, being in a deep set of ballast, — was working her way into the river's mouth.

She was of fine proportions, fitted in every respect for fast sailing, and nothing but her size — which was too large for the one, and too small for the other — militated with the idea of her being either a slaver, or a pleasure yacht, belonging to some wealthy planter. A closer inspection, however, would have shown that racks were provided for arms, though at present empty, a magazine for powder, receptacles for shot, and hammocks for twenty-five men. There were also fixtures for swivels, and a long, brass twelve-pounder was mounted amidships, covered with a tarpaulin. Though the present ship's company consisted of but eight, there were sweeps that it required a large crew to handle.

Having at length attained a position where, by a short bend of the river, and the intervening foliage, she was completely sheltered from the

observation of those navigating the bay or roadstead, her anchor was dropped.

"There goes Romero," said Vergnaud to his son, as he sat on the veranda of his house, enjoying the sea breeze; "I wonder what devil's errand he's bound on now. He ought to have been garroted with Lemaire."

"Perhaps he's going after wood, or water, or provisions. He seems to have but few men on board."

"*Seems* to; but how many he has below don't appear. He needn't come from the Isle of Pines after wood, water, or provisions. There's no law on this island, and villains and murderers go about in broad daylight. I would contrive to have a bullet sent through him, were I not afraid of the revenge the rest might take. But we must look out for our hogs and cattle, and negroes, too, while that craft lies here."

The name of the captain of this craft—Juan Romero—is somewhat familiar to many of our readers, being that of the man formerly overseer on the plantation of Henri Lemaire, at Vauclin.

His personal appearance was in complete contrast with the descriptions usually given of bucca-

neers, and the eye might scan form and feature in vain for any outward evidence of the existence of those brutal and repulsive traits imagination is wont to ascribe to those whose very occupation is robbery and murder.

He was apparently about forty-five years of age, large as to stature, finely proportioned, regular features, and a countenance which betokened neither cruelty nor the existence of violent passions; and yet Juan Romero, when roused, was a demon. The mate of the schooner was his son, Sebastian Romero. Possessing all his father's symmetry and strength of limb, and a face whose manly beauty the indulgence of the worst passions could scarcely mar; though not yet twenty-four, his youth was stained with crime, for he had been three years a pirate. With everything in his personal appearance to interest and attract, and capacities of no common order, he was, at that early period of life, a wreck.

The crew consisted of three negroes, a mulatto cook and two whites, — one a Portuguese, called Anton (Antonio), and the other a Spaniard, Ricardo, mere common villains, as their appearance indicated, and valued by Juan only on account of their ferocity and vast physical strength.

Juan Romero, whose real name was Andres Iturralde first saw the light in the city of Havana, Cuba, where his father, Andres, followed the occupation of a barber, and, prospering in his business, gave his son a common school education. The young Andres grew up a dutiful boy, manifesting excellent capacities, together with a peculiar fondness for female society, and strong attachments to his friends. He was a strict Catholic, and unexceptionable in his morals. The great defect in his character was this, that although not easily provoked, he manifested, when thoroughly roused, a most vindictive and uncontrollable temper, and several times severely injured some of his best friends. He was also very impatient of contradiction, except from his parents, his attachment to whom was remarkable.

At the age of nineteen, being an excellent penman and accountant, he obtained employment as assistant secretary in the office of the captain-general, with a very handsome salary, and began to accumulate property. The confinement, however, did not suit his active temperament, and at the expiration of two years he threw it up, having in the mean while fallen in love with the daughter of

a boatman, who carried passengers from the city to the reglas. This young lady, in addition to extraordinary beauty, was prudent in the management of affairs, and of amiable disposition.

By the aid of his father and some friends, he now set up the business of a hardware merchant, and dealer in military goods and accoutrements. They were married in due time, and a son was born to them, to whom they gave the name of Sebastian.

The young Andres was now very happy, being prosperous in his business, and devotedly attached to his wife. His position in the office of the captain-general, in connection with his dealing in military goods and trappings, brought him into intimate relations with a great number of the younger officers of the army. Being naturally of a hospitable turn, Andres often invited those of them whom he knew a good dinner and its accompaniments would induce to waive the distinction of rank to dine with him ; and, as they were his customers, it was no detriment to his business.

Among the most frequently invited guests was a young cavalry officer by the name of Montilla, with whom, when in the employment of the cap-

tain-general, Andres had been on terms of so great intimacy that they were seldom long apart, when their respective duties were performed.

Ituralde imagined — as it afterwards appeared, without any sufficient grounds — that this young man was on too familiar terms with his wife. This idea, once entertained, roused all the vindictive passions of his nature. He became morose; a coldness arose between him and Montilla, till at length Ituralde sent him a challenge, to which the haughty Spaniard replied, that “he received such messages only from his *equals*.”

Stung to the quick, Ituralde watched for an opportunity to gratify his revenge, and, ascertaining that Montilla was ordered on duty to Matanzas, waylaid him in a lonely part of the route, and shot him. Instantly taking the officer's arms, he mounted the horse of his victim, and long before discovery took place was beyond the reach of pursuit.

Cuba, like Martinique, has a backbone of mountains. In the mountains nearest to Mariel, Andres found a hiding-place. In Mariel — a small seaport on the north coast of Cuba — was living Felix Ituralde, a cousin of Andres by the father's

side. Felix was engaged in bringing molasses from the plantations among the hills, in kegs on the backs of mules—the mode of conveyance then common. He was very strongly attached to his cousin Andres, and they had been much together in their boyhood. when the father of Felix lived in Havana.

One morning, before break of day, Felix set out from a plantation on the flanks of the mountains, with a string of ten mules, all laden, the head of one fastened to the tail of his next neighbor in front. As he was passing through a defile, bounded on either side, not by continuous precipices, but by irregular masses of rock, the intervals between which were filled with all the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, he was startled by hearing his name called by a familiar voice.

It was now broad daylight, and, looking in the direction of the sound, he beheld the features of his cousin Andres, but so changed and emaciated he scarcely knew him.

“Andres,” exclaimed Felix, “can this be you?”

“You will not betray me, cousin Felix?”

“Betray you! Not till yonder sun rises in the west. What can I do for you? How fearfully you are changed!”

"I am worn out with grief and hunger."

Felix went to the mule he rode, and, taking from a pack the provision he had brought to sustain him on the journey, gave it to Andres.

"I am coming this road again day after tomorrow," said Felix, "and will bring you anything you want."

"Can you help me to escape from the island? I cannot endure this many weeks more."

After reflecting a moment, Felix replied, —

"There is a smuggler's sloop lying at our place, from the Bahamas. I am well acquainted with the captain, and could, I think, persuade him to take you."

"But how shall I get on board?"

"If you can contrive to reach the mangrove swamp to the east of my house in the night, Anselmo will set you on board, after the sloop is under way. But more of this another time."

When Felix returned, he brought abundance of provisions to Andres, money, and clothes to disguise himself. The former then took counsel with his friend the smuggler, whom he knew, from the nature of his occupation, to be versed in stratagems. The smuggler managed it very easily.

He instructed Felix to buy him a hogshead of rum at some one of the plantations from which he hauled his molasses. The latter took a bullock cart to haul it in, with the necessary tools.

On the way, he bored a hole in the cask, and, by the time he arrived at the hiding-place of Andres, there was not a drop of rum in it. There he fed and rested his cattle till night came on, then he unheaded the cask, and Andres crawled into it; after which, the head being replaced, Felix delivered the cask alongside the sloop, according to agreement, which before sunrise the next morning was many miles from Mariel.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GUADALQUIVIR.

ITURALDE was now a changed man. All the evil passions of his nature, long repressed, rose in arms. Stung by conscience, and goaded by reflections upon the past, he was morose and wretched. He assumed the name of Juan Romero, and engaged in catching turtles for a livelihood, carrying them, together with English merchandise, to Carolina. After some years, he joined the wreckers.

In this exciting and dangerous pursuit he found more to prevent his mind from dwelling upon the loss of his property, separation from his child, and the crime he had committed. He also, at times, endeavored to drown his remorse in liquor, drank outrageously, and then, for months, abandoned entirely his cups.

While thus employed, a piratical craft belonging


to parties at Martinique was wrecked on Abaco, and the vessel went to pieces ; but the crew were taken off by Andres and his companions, — who were ignorant of their true character, they representing the vessel as a merchantman bound to St. Augustine, — and carried into New Providence. Juan became intimately acquainted with the captain, gambled and drank with him until the friendship proceeded to such a length that they made confidants of each other.

Finally the captain informed Juan that he had saved a good portion of his money from the wreck, and intended to buy some small fishing-boat, and, with his crew, sail for the Isle of Pines, where he had a consort, and urged Juan to join them. Once he would have shrunk with horror from such a proposition, but now it appeared less hideous and revolting, and he hesitated.

The freebooter increased his efforts, represented that the Bahamas were no longer a secure refuge, for he would be recognized by some of his old acquaintances, and claimed of the English government by the Spaniards, that a man of his education, capacity, and energy ought not to be in such petty business, and in a subordinate station, when

he might, in a few months, be master of a fine craft, and roll in gold, and ended with the most glowing accounts of the riches to be obtained, and the pleasures to be enjoyed, by making common cause with them, till at length Juan, who had quarrelled with the wreckers so often and so bitterly that he by no means felt secure from assassination, consented. They went to the Isle of Pines, and from thence to Martinique, where Lemaire furnished the captain with a vessel, and Juan became his mate. In six months, they quarrelled in respect to the division of plunder, fought a duel in the presence of the crew, the captain fell, and Romero succeeded to the office.

He proved to be a daring and successful leader, and took many rich prizes, but was so overbearing and avaricious, and required so much effort of his crews, — whose desire was, after obtaining a rich prize, to go on shore and riot till their money was gone, — that they were plotting to kill him, when Lemaire, who was aware of his capacity for business, offered him the berth of overseer at Vauclin, which Romero accepted, and the duties of which he discharged very much to the satisfaction of his employer, for he was scrupulously honest in his dealings, though in every other respect a villain.



No sooner was Romero well settled in his office, than he once more experienced the desire to accumulate, and also to keep and hoard up, probably increased by the necessity he was now under to refrain from excessive drinking. He also manifested traits of character that it would, at first view, seem impossible could exist together, to wit, a strong personal affection for a child, and utter indifference in regard to his moral character and standing in society, since the most atrocious scoundrels often desire their children to be better than themselves. By means of the smuggling captain, he had kept up a verbal communication with Felix, — as he dared not write, — and through him, with his parents; ascertained that his wife had married again, and the grandparents had adopted and educated his child. Sebastián Ituralde grew up without restraint, evincing many of his father's prominent traits, but differing in this respect, that he early fell into habits of gambling and dissipation, and, directly upon attaining his majority, squandered the property inherited from his father.

Romero sent for him, and Sebastian came to Lemaire's plantation without a cent in his pocket, his grandfather defraying the expenses of his pas-

sage, in order to be rid of him. In these circumstances, it was not difficult for his father to persuade him to fling overboard what little of principle he still possessed, assume the name of Romero, and go on board the Guadalquivir, an interest in which Romero still owned. When, in consequence of information given by Godsoe to Captain Griffin, — as related in the cruise of the Casco, — the connection of Lemaire with the pirates was discovered, and he was executed, officers were sent in the night to seize Romero in his bed. He, however, made aware of their designs, took his measures accordingly. The posse were attacked on the way, four of them killed outright, the rest fleeing for their lives, while Romero, having thus glutted his vengeance, again assumed command of the Guadalquivir, and returned to his old practices, Sebastian, who had now gained experience in seamanship, becoming his mate.

This was the vessel, and thus commanded, that now swung to a single anchor, concealed by foliage and a rocky bluff, at the mouth of the Galion, and, notwithstanding the detestable business to which she was devoted, painted like a merchantman, with white spars, a bright waist, red bead,

and green between her copper and the bright streak.

When the sails were furled, and everything made snug, supper was placed on the table by the cook, and the four white men sat down to their meal, officers and men eating together, the crews of piratical vessels not tolerating much assumption of superiority, save in matters connected with the actual duties of the craft, and a blow from an officer would have been answered with a shot or thrust of a knife, though no men could be more obedient in time of action, or in relation to the management of the vessel. Liquor was placed on the table with the food, and they began to eat, leisurely drinking between whiles.

"Captain," said Sebastian, "may I ask what we are to get, except wood and water, in this creek, which is so narrow there is hardly room for the vessel to swing, and the water is so shoal I can see the anchor on the bottom? When one wants fish, he goes where the fish are."

Romero had now become somewhat excited by liquor, and all the demon came out in his face, as, bringing his fist down on the table with an emphasis that made the glasses jump, he shouted, —

“*Revenge*, my boy! *Revenge*, Anton! *Revenge*, Ricardo! *Revenge*, and *gold*!—yes, *piles* of gold. I’ve come here to kill and clean out *Jack Godsoe*.”

“Bravo, captain!” replied Anton; “count on me and Dick. We never yet failed you at a pinch, and we won’t now.”

“I like that,” said Dick. “Just one man to take care of, and plenty of money, in *one* pile. Little work, and good pay; that’s better than working night and day to overtake a vessel, have to fight her perhaps, and then find only horses, onions, and lumber.”

“How do you know, captain,” said Sebastian, “that he has so much money?”

“I have known him and all about him for years before he was with Lemaire. I have been making inquiries, and mousing round this long, long time, trying to get a back-handed lick at him. He’s been spending money by handfuls this three years or more; given a heap to the Sisters of Charity; given his plantation to his overseer; given his slaves their liberty, and land; bought a lot of runaway negroes, and done the same by them; spent thousands and thousands of dollars, the last three years, in making roads and improving his land;

sent a lot of money to America, and his boy with it. I expect he means to take the rest and go himself, unless we can relieve him of it, and pay up old scores."

"What are the old scores, captain?" said Anton.

"Why, Lemaire had a grudge against a Yankee captain, and sent Clash and Godsoe in the *Lanquedoc* to kill him; but the Yankee took them, and killed all hands but Jack. Jack made friends with him, and together they came back to *Vauclin* in the night, enticed Lemaire aboard the brigantine, and gave him up to the courts, and Godsoe told the captain where to find papers to convict Lemaire, and implicate me."

"If he did that, killing is too good for him. He ought to be put to the torture."

"I shouldn't have blamed him so much for that, as he had reason to hate Lemaire, and his own neck was in the irons, as it were; but when he had seen Lemaire aboard the vessel, in their clutches, and they let *him* go scot free, comes to me wounded, I keep him all night, and give him a mule to go home on in the morning, and he never gives me a hint of what's in the wind, that I may

save myself and property; and if I' had not been warned by better friends than him, the soldiers would have caught me in bed; and I'll have my *revenge*. I'll cut out his mean Yankee *heart*, and I'll have his *gold*."

"Why didn't you do it before he spent so many thousands?" said Sebastian. "That is all lost to you."

"Because he has made friends with all the vagabonds of the mountains, and for the last three years has had not less than a hundred men round and at work for him, and has seldom gone from home."

"Do you know the way to his house?" said Sebastian.

"As well as I know the way over Lemaire's old plantation."

"Then what's to hinder going in the night, breaking into the house, and taking him alive, make him show us where the money is, and then give him cold steel?"

"You don't know that man, boy. He's not to be caught napping. He knows very well his life is threatened. His doors are not easily forced. He has a whole arsenal in his house, and it's sure

death to come within range of his pistol, or the sweep of his cutlass."

"Anton would double him up, and put him on a shelf."

"Anton, my son, is a powerful man, but I have been many years in our kind of life, and in many frays, but I have never yet seen the two men who, in my opinion, were a match for John Godsoe in a death grapple."

"How, then, do you expect to get at him?"

"That will depend upon circumstances. I mean, as cautiously as possible, to watch his motions, and try to waylay him, on his way, either going from or returning home. I know, from a sure hand, that latterly he has not confined himself at home so closely, but has made several trips to St. Pierre, Port Royal, Point Arlet, and Trinity Bay."

"It is for this reason that you have hid the vessel away in this creek?"

"Just so. Godsoe knows too well how men of our profession feel towards deserters and traitors, not to be on his guard, if he knew I was in the neighborhood. It also behooves me to be cautious on my own account, as the old affair cannot be

entirely forgotten. Had Godsoe been on any other island in the whole range of the Atlantic, I had not been kept thus long from my revenge."

The next morning, Romero, disguising himself, went to a plantation near by, and soon returned with a mule he had bought. In the vessel was a quantity of jerked beef, salted herrings, and bandanna handkerchiefs, of those bright colors negroes love. These were placed on the mule's back, together with knives and trinkets.

Romero cautioned his son not to taste a drop of liquor during his absence, nor to permit the men to drink any, but to remain on board as quietly as possible, since their lives depended upon their discretion, to treat with the greatest civility any one who might come alongside, and to represent that they came in to careen, and obtain wood and water.

After repeating his orders with an emphasis that evinced how important he considered the observance of them, he mounted the mule, and set out upon a journey of traffic and discovery,—principally the latter,—now crying his wares, and anon causing the air to resound with the song of the muleteer.

Seamen can sleep as much or as little as they please, and the crew, as the easiest and most effectual method of obedience to the commands of their chief, after spreading an awning over the deck, lay down beneath it, and fell asleep.

CHAPTER XVII.

STRIKING THE TRAIL.

ROMERO had so effectually disguised himself, both by the alteration of his personal appearance and his new calling, that he went among the plantations without fear of detection, into the streets of St. Pierre and Port Royal, made himself known to a few of his old acquaintances no better than himself, and whom he could trust, since he was as capable of exposing their offences as they were of exposing his, and thus obtained information in respect to the motions of Godsoe, his habits of life, and everything in relation to him that, in his opinion, would further his own designs. He also ascertained that Godsoe frequently went to the plantations around Trinity Bay, indeed, more than to any other place on the island, as he was less exposed to general observation there than at any of the above-mentioned places.

The result of all his inquiries was to deepen his conviction of the wealth possessed by his enemy, and to stimulate him to still greater efforts for gold and revenge. Several days did he spend in this manner, — even ventured to enter the Mad-man's Pass, and, meeting William going to Port Royal, found that his master had gone down the river in the launch, and would not return till the next day. He therefore went boldly to the house, reconnoitred the premises, and, having gained the affections of Aunt Dinah by the present of a handkerchief, ascertained that her master was going to Trinity as soon as he came up the river, and that she was making something toothsome for him to eat on the road ; indeed, the voluble old negress told him all her heart.

Nothing could have been more exasperating to the fiery temper of Romero than the enthusiasm, almost amounting to furor, with which Dinah sang the praises and lauded the virtues of her master ; and, to render the matter worse, they were only the confirmation, in a more exaggerated form, of statements he had heard elsewhere, and he was obliged to swallow his mortification, and endure the torture of listening to encomiums upon the man he hated, and whose life he sought.

Without exciting the suspicions of the simple negress, he encouraged her to talk, till, finally, she showed him the rooms of the house, including her master's room, and the grave of her mistress, and Willie's cocoa-nut, and told him that her master spent a great deal of time in the garden, and went back and forth between there and the house a great deal. Juan, accustomed to concealment of treasure, made no doubt that money was hidden somewhere in the hill, and thought he perceived in one place signs of the soil and rocks having been disturbed.

In the room occupied by Godsoe, he saw several large chests, one of them iron-bound, that once belonged to Mr. Livingston, and was then filled with papers, the others with clothing formerly worn by him, and that of Godsoe's deceased wife. Juan, however, concluded at once that they and the hill were the depositories of Godsoe's treasures, whereas the real place of concealment, aside from the cave, was a receptacle in the wall of the building, by no means easily to be discovered.

The freebooter likewise heard from Aunt Dinah that whenever her master went to Trinity, he made the greater part of the journey in the night,

both going and returning; and that William had only four slaves, who were locked up at night; that the only men in the house with Godsoe were William and Nicholas, he having dismissed all his free laborers. Juan also observed a small door in the back part of the house, apparently seldom used, and the bolt of which was so eaten with rust that, watching his opportunity when Aunt Dinah's back was turned, he found that he could easily bend it with his fingers.

Romero now felt assured that he could accomplish his design, which was this: to send the schooner, in charge of the negroes, who were competent sailors, outside, to lie off and on, retaining the boat, which was a large yawl, with sails and compass; kill Godsoe outside, if possible; enter the house by the small door; kill or bind the negroes; rob the house; search for and discover the hoard, if there was any, in the hill; then, placing their plunder on mules, of which there were many on the plantation, take to the boat, and pull for the vessel.

There seemed to the rover no difficulty in accomplishing this, — for he had succeeded in enterprises far more difficult, — not even though they

were overtaken by daylight, or made use of daylight to search the mountain, there being no other plantation within miles, and the place itself one that but very few cared to visit. Stimulated to the utmost by the discoveries made and information obtained, he mounted his mule, and, flinging what wares he had left into the bushes at the Madman's Pass, made the best of his way to the vessel, congratulating himself that he had at length got upon the track of his enemy, found an opportunity to slake his thirst for vengeance in blood, and also that, in a neighborhood where he had been once well known, he had escaped recognition. In this respect, however, his exultation was premature.

An old pirate, past labor at sea, and afraid of his neck by reason of his past crimes, had built himself a house of stones among the mountains, just outside of the Madman's Pass. There he had buried his money, had a small spot under cultivation, where he raised yams, bananas, plantains, and corn. His hut was well stocked with arms, and he was provided with ammunition in plenty. When tired of solitude, he went in disguise to St. Pierre; sometimes would get on board a piratical

craft or Guineaman, that came in for wood and water, and visit his old shipmates at the Isle of Pines, or some other of their places of rendezvous around the keys of the Bahamas, and, after drinking, gambling, and carousing generally, return to his lair.

He was of English parentage, though born in Jamaica. Old Mike, as he was called, requited the favors received from old shipmates by offering them food, and a place of concealment, when hard pushed. Mike liked Godsoe; often went to see him, as he could go there without incurring risk, and stay for days at a time; and also worked for him, when he improved the road over the mountains.

After Godsoe's reformation, he endeavored to make some impression upon Mike, but the latter told him it was no use to try to do anything with him, or for him; that he was only fit for the devil to pick up into oakum, though he had the grace to thank Godsoe for his good intentions. This result, however, followed. There sprang up in the heart of this man, hardened in crime, and apparently utterly ruthless, a pure and ardent affection for Godsoe; and, though he knew the

latter would try to turn him from his vices, he sought his company none the less.

There was another redeeming trait in Old Mike's character. He could not bear to see any one suffering want, and would feed any fugitive, black or white, who came to him in distress. Upon the day that Romero returned to the Guadalquivir, Mike had fed a negro, and they were seated together, outside his hut, enjoying a smoke.

Suddenly the negro said, —

“Harkee, massa! Some man kum 'long de pass.”

“Crawl out, and see who he is, and bring me word.”

In a few moments the negro returned, saying it was a white man, on a pack mule.

“Is it Godsoe?”

“No, massa; me know him; work for Godsoe last year; make road; dis man got long gray beard.”

“I'll have a look at the chap. Don't know what a white man is doing here with a pack mule.”

Taking a long-barrelled musket in his hand, he crept through the foliage, and behind rocks, to the very edge of the road, watching the traveller, as

he passed along. He evidently saw somewhat in his appearance that greatly interested him, for he continued to follow along, and keep pace with the mule, till the traveller, reaching the river, dismounted to arrange his pack saddle, and let the beast drink, and also to break his fast.

"That chap is a sailor," said Mike to the negro, in a whisper; "no muleteer ever rode like that."

As the stranger stooped to dip up some water from the stream, his beard slipped on one side, and before he could restore it as before, Mike caught a glimpse of his face.

"It's Romero," he said — "Juan. What is he skulking round here for in that rig? Something's up, and he's come from Godsoe's — couldn't come from anywhere else. Wonder if he's got any grudge against John. If I thought he had, I'd shoot him where he sits; I could do it easy. He's a mean-spirited devil, anyhow."

"Shoot him, massa," said the negro. "Den we git his clo'es; all de tings; git pistols, money, mule."

Mike cocked the piece, and thrust it carefully through the dense screen of branches, and his eye glanced along the barrel, but, on second thoughts, he relinquished his purpose.

"I won't take him now," he said. "He never injured me, and dog don't eat dog. But I'll let Godsoe know he is prowling round here, and if he means mischief to John, — and I can't think what else he can be after, — his line'll soon run off the log reel. There's more manhood in Godsoe's little finger than in his whole carcass."

"Massa, will I foller de white man? — see where he go to?"

"Yes, boy, nose him. Don't let him see you — mind that."

About sundown the negro returned, and told Mike that "he had followed the white man till he came to a vessel, when he turned the mule loose, and went on board of her."

"What kind of a vessel?"

"Schooner wessel."

"Big vessel?"

"No; leetle wessel."

"Any guns?"

"One gun."

"How many men?"

The negro held up eight fingers.

"White men?"

The negro held up four fingers, and said, "So many white men."

Mike gave the black his supper, and told him to lie down in the hut — a privilege he gladly embraced, and was asleep in a moment; while the old buccaneer, lighting a cigar, put over his shoulders one of those short cloaks or mantles much worn by the inhabitants of the West Indies to defend them from the dews, and sat down on a stone bench at the door, to reflect upon what he had heard.

He had never been particularly acquainted with Lemaire, but knew that Godsoe and Romero had both been in his employ, and, though he was engaged in piracy on the Spanish Main at the time Lemaire was seized, remembered hearing that Godsoe was in some way mixed up with it; and when he considered that the crew of the schooner was too small for a piratical cruise, came to the conclusion that their intention was to rob or kill some one on the island, and well aware of the hatred and suspicion ever cherished by pirates in respect to those who have left them, felt quite sure that there was trouble brewing for his friend, and resolved that he would watch the motions of Juan and his crew.

“I ought to have pulled the trigger when I had

him in range," he said to himself: "but my wit always comes afterwards." .

Indeed, in the tame, insipid life he was then leading, such an affair furnished him with pleasurable excitement.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NO QUARTER GIVEN OR ASKED.

THE errand of Godsoe to Trinity Bay was to collect certain moneys due him from Delorme and two other planters in the same neighborhood. Hard money was the medium of exchange in Martinique, and Godsoe placed his gold in a bag, intending to put it on the mule's back after leaving the boat.

When he arrived at the deserted plantation it was after midnight, and the moon shone bright from a cloudless sky. His usual landing-place was a point of moderate elevation, bare of trees or bushes, a ledge cropping out at its extremity, composed principally of disintegrated pumice-stone, shelving off by a sort of natural steps to the water's edge, which made it a very convenient place for landing, especially if it was necessary to carry any freight up the bank.

Within a few rods of this landing stood the ruins of a stone building formerly used as a storehouse, a portion of the roof still remaining. Here Godsoe, after concealing his boat in the mangroves at a little distance, was wont to hide his oars, having constructed a receptacle in the wall of the building which was so difficult of discovery that he did not hesitate to leave articles of value in it, whenever he brought more freight in the boat than the mule could carry.

After a careful scrutiny of his arms, he flung the boat's painter over a projecting rock, and, placing the bag of gold on his shoulder, began to ascend the bank. Just as he reached the level of the turf, and was about to step on it, the rotten pumice gave way under his feet, and he slipped partly down the slope. At that instant, a bullet whistled over his head, and he saw Juan Romero within a few yards of him, in the act of drawing a second pistol; behind him his son Sebastian, brandishing a cutlass, while two other men were coming out from the river. It was fearful odds, and resistance seemed hopeless.

"You are *mine*, Jack Godsoe — traitor, villain!" he yelled, in the wild tones of vengeful exulta-

tion; "*mine!*" and no power in heaven or earth can prevent it," rushing forward, with levelled weapon.

Godsoe, silent and unmoved, lay very much as he had fallen, his left arm on the edge of the bank, and drawing, beneath the cover of it, a pistol from his belt with his right hand, sent a bullet through the brain of his antagonist, who, plunging headlong, fell over Godsoe into the swift stream, down which he was swept, a corpse.

Sebastian stood for a moment aghast at this sudden and terrible result. It was a hesitation that sealed his fate, for Godsoe improved the opportunity to fire again (the bullet, shattering the bone of his right arm, entered his body just below the shoulder blade), and instantly leaping upon the bank, rushed forward, sword in hand, to cut him down, receiving in the act two pistol shots, that, though they took effect, did not delay his advance, and was instantly confronted by Anton and Ricardo.

Drawing one of the discharged pistols from his belt, he flung it with such force and accuracy of aim at the Spaniard, that, striking him on the temple, it caused him to stagger, drop his cutlass,

and completely disabled him for a while. Then, seizing Sebastian Romero as though he had been a child, he flung him beneath the cutlass of Anton, raised against himself. The downright blow, dealt with all the force of the gigantic Portuguese, cleft his skull, and bore his mutilated body to the earth. Unable for an instant to withdraw his weapon, he was drawn forward by the force of his own blow, and, before he could recover, his sword arm was lopped by a tremendous stroke from the cutlass of Godsoe, in which he concentrated the whole force of his waning strength.

The latter was now almost spent. He had been bleeding freely for some time, and felt that he was badly wounded, and could not much longer maintain the unequal conflict. The desperate pirate instantly grappled to Godsoe with his left hand, and they came to the ground together, Godsoe beneath, when the Portuguese, seizing him by the throat with his teeth with all the ferocity of a wolf, endeavored to tear it open. Godsoe, however, managed to liberate his right hand, and draw a dirk that he wore in a breast pocket, and, by repeated thrusts in the throat and breast, killed him before he could effect his purpose.

After several trials, Godsoe succeeded in rolling the dead body of his foe from above him. Noticing a pistol in his belt, he drew it out, and found it loaded. Drenched in the blood of the Portuguese, he with difficulty regained his feet, and saw Ricardo, who had now recovered from the effect of the missile, approaching to cut him down.

But when the pirate found himself alone, and confronted with the terrible foe who had slain all his companions, and heard the click of the lock, as Godsoe cocked the weapon, he felt that certain death awaited him, and fled outright. Godsoe could have shot him as he ran, but he forbore, and, sinking slowly to the earth, lay half reclining, supporting himself upon his left arm, his back against the body of Anton.

Before the fugitive could gain the shelter of the old storehouse, from which he emerged to engage in the fray, a bright flash lit up the dark shadows flung by its walls, instantly followed by the report of a musket, and his flight was suddenly arrested. A whole charge of slugs, taking effect at half musket shot, broke his left arm, shattering the entire shoulder, and Old Mike appeared upon the scene, accompanied by three negroes, completely armed,

one of whom was the black previously referred to as sent by him to dog the steps of Romero, and who was called by Mike Gold Coast, in allusion to his native country.

"So you are at it—are you?" he exclaimed, and, with the butt of the musket he had just discharged, beat in the skull of the wounded man, repeating his blows till not a vestige of life remained, and then hastened to the aid of Godsoe, who still sat supported upon his arm, and propped by the body of his late antagonist.

"How is it with you, John? Are you hurt bad?"

"Yes, bad, Mike; I shan't weather it."

"O, not so bad as that, I hope. You are used to skin cutting. Where are you hurt?"

"In the neck and breast. The breast is the worst."

Mike, divesting himself of his shirt, bound the wounds of Godsoe, sent one of the negroes to the boat for a calabash that was used to bale with, gave him drink, and washed the blood from his face. He then procured Godsoe's cloak, that he had left in the boat, and flung it over him, pillow-ing his head upon the body of Anton, and then

sat down by his side, while the negroes, with equal despatch and ingenuity, made a litter.

They felled with cutlasses large bamboo, to construct the side and end pieces, filling the middle with smaller reeds, confining them with strips of palm leaf, thus forming a strong and very light means of conveyance. They then covered the floor of it with the green leaves of the wild fig.

"This is what I call a regular butchery," said Mike, gazing around him.

"One, two, three; where is Juan? Where is the captain—the dealer in jerked beef and salt herrings?"

"I shot him on the bank. He fell overboard, and has gone down stream."

It was a strange scene, the predominating element of which was one of horror. Mike, seating himself upon the corpse, had taken the head of his friend in his lap. The brilliant moonlight of the tropics shone full upon the upturned faces of the slain, that of Anton retaining, even in death, the expression of rage and hate it had worn during the final struggle. Within arm's length was that of young Romero, the head cleft to the chin, the sword having passed in a slanting direction

through the left eye, to the corner of the mouth ; and that face, but a few moments before so replete with manly beauty, and still recognizable, presented a most revolting sight, while the naked forms of the negroes in the background, seen by the glancing light, the grim features, grizzled locks and beard of the old pirate, grown gray in crime, formed the appropriate shading to this fearful scene, and the face of Godsoe alone wore an expression of repose and tranquil resignation. A slight convulsive movement drew the attention of his companion.

“ Are you in pain, John ? ”

“ Yes, I have *pain*, but I have *peace*. There is worse anguish than pain of body — agony of conscience.”

Mike made no reply.

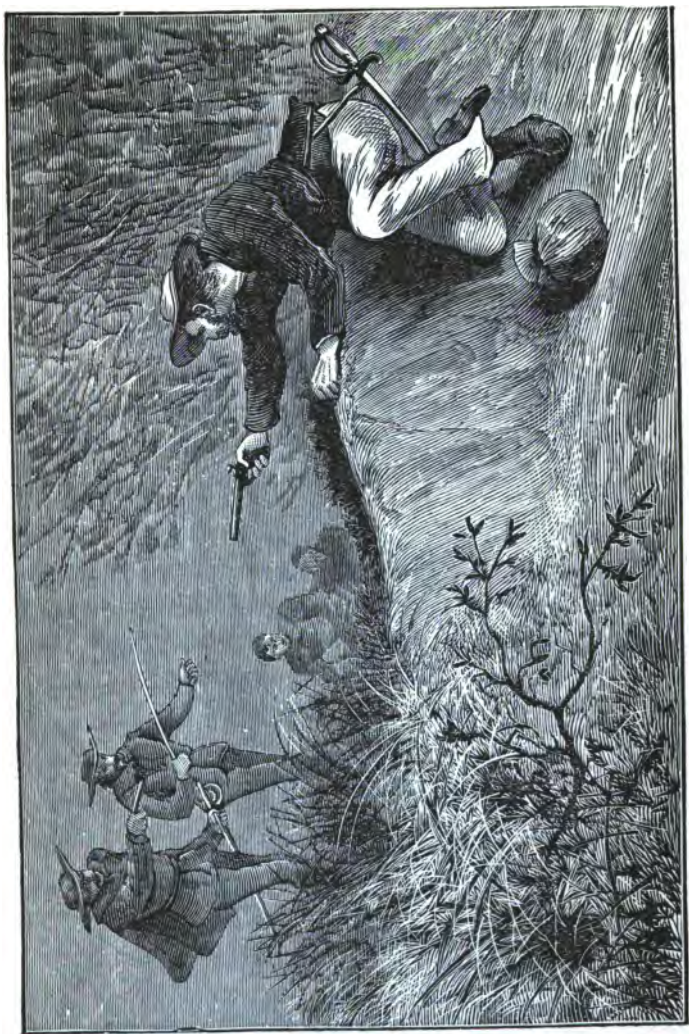
“ We’ve been long acquainted,” continued Godsoe.

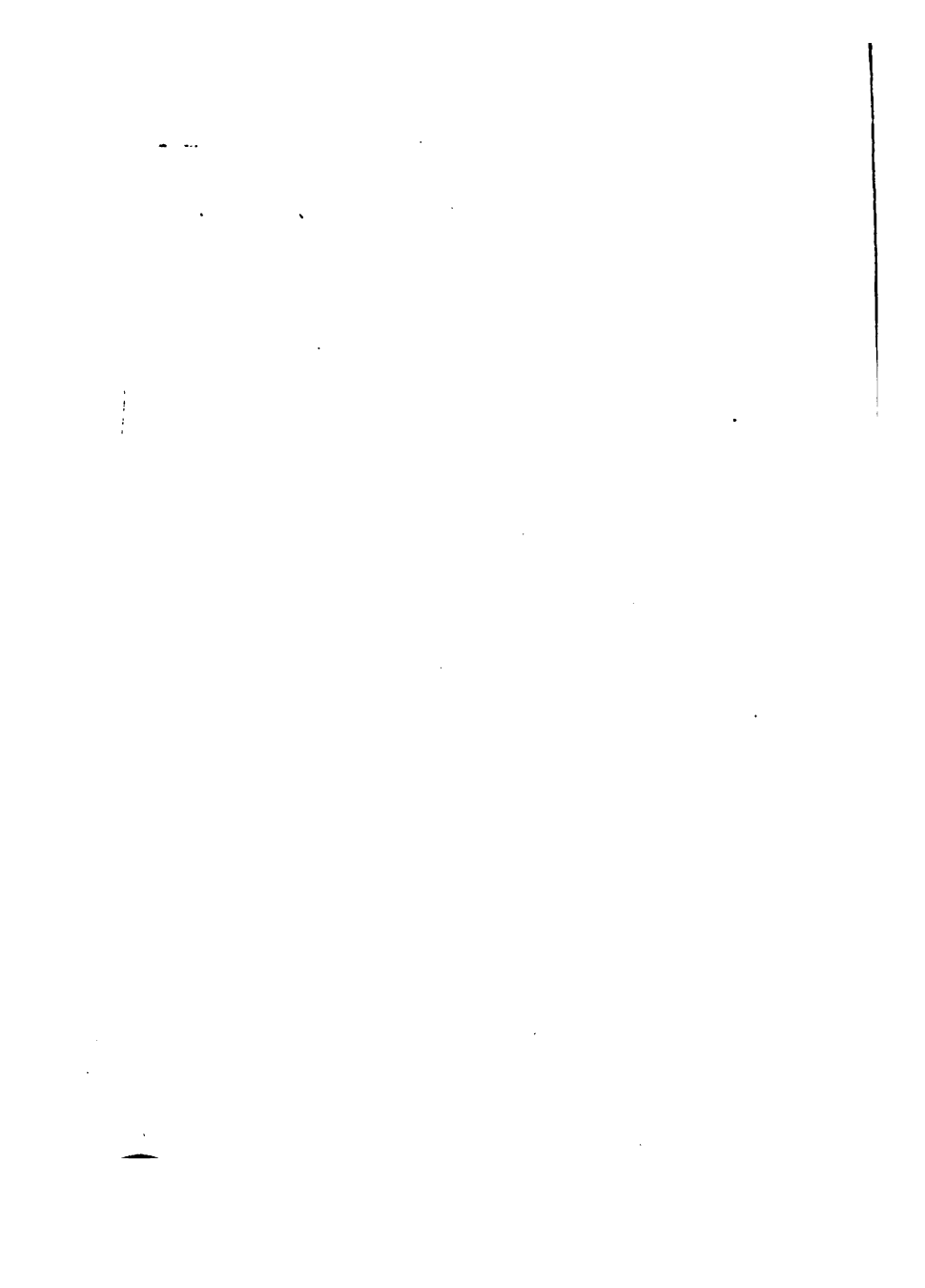
“ Yes, we were shipmates years ago.”

“ Did you ever have any hardness against me ? ”

“ No ; I always liked you, and latterly I have loved you like a brother.”

“ You have done a great deal for me — been very kind. There’s a bag of gold lies on the





bank, almost in the water. Put it on the litter, and when you go to your camp, take it along with you."

"You are all the friend I have in the world, or ever had. I hope you don't think I'll take pay for showing kindness to him in necessity."

"It is not for that, old shipmate, but I have provided for my relatives and son. All I need is a grave. You are too old to go to sea — couldn't go in any other than a piratical vessel, if you would. As you say you have no friends, by and by your money will be spent, and you will be tempted to murder and rob. Mike, you have done enough of that, and I give you this money that you may have wherewithal to live honestly. If you don't like to keep it in your camp, leave it with William. I shall make provision that you may have a home at my house whenever you are tired of living alone, and see fit to go there — are sick or feeble, and want care. Perhaps, after I am gone, and you think over all that has passed between us, my words may have more effect than they do now, and you may come to feel if John Godsoe could forsake his evil courses and find mercy, so may Old Mike."

The litter was now ready, the negroes took the arms of the dead, at the instance of Mike, and concealed them in the ruins. Godsoe was then placed upon the litter, and they commenced their march to the plantation. On the way there, they met with fugitives of the mountains, who willingly assisted them to bear their burden till they arrived at the house, where the condition of Godsoe excited the greatest alarm and grief in the mind of William, and among the rest of his household. The latter was about to go for a surgeon to Port Royal, but Godsoe would not consent.

"It is of no use, William," he said; "I know the wound in the breast is mortal, and I prefer to die in peace, and employ the hours remaining to me in arranging my affairs and preparing for my departure. His probing and examination will only hasten my death."

"But," persisted William, "he might gib you someting to help de pain, and make you comfortable."

"I do not suffer extreme pain. My mind is clear, and I wish it to remain so. He would give me an opiate, that, in relieving pain, would benumb the faculties, or bewilder them."

"Den you don't feel fraid, masser? Feel de Lord is merciful?"

"I know my sins have been great, and committed in the face of light and a reproving conscience; but I hope in the mercy of God, through my Saviour."

"You've done great deal of good dese last tree, four year."

"That is no more than my duty — what I should have done all my life. I build no expectations, at this hour, upon any doings of *mine*, but upon what *Christ* has done for me, and *in* me."

Godsoe now told William to bring to him his private papers, when it appeared that he had made his will, and perfected, as far as possible, every arrangement pertaining to his property in the event of his death, had paid all demands, and that the money he collected at Trinity, and brought with him, was the last due to him from any source.

He now, in the presence of William and Nicholas, delivered the gold to Mike, — a *donatio mortis causa* (gift in prospect of death), — and said to the former, "William, I wish you to promise me that you will make Mike welcome, and give

him a home here whenever he may see fit to claim it, and medical attendance, food, and clothing, in remembrance of me, and what I have done for you."

William not only cheerfully complied with this request, but proposed to bind himself by a personal and legal obligation thus to do. Aunt Dinah, who, like many of the negro women, was skilled in the healing properties of herbs, made an application to the wounds of Godsoe that allayed the pain in a good degree, and he fell asleep, Mike remaining to watch beside him.

The bullet was somewhere in the cavity of the chest — Godsoe believed in his right lung, causing difficulty of breathing and articulation, except when a very low tone was adopted, in which case he could converse with little difficulty. Mike, who had seen a great deal of gunshot wounds, did not believe the ball had entered the lungs, or blood would be expectorated, or wind come out at the hole, and said that he had known a great many men get well of wounds apparently more severe than that, and in the same place that was, as to the point where the ball entered; thought Godsoe would, and that his strength would not

have held out thus if the wound was in the lungs, or mortal. But his arguments, though they had the effect to encourage himself, William, and the rest, produced no impression upon Godsoe.

Godsoe slept several hours quietly, and, after waking, took nourishment, appeared revived, and motioning Mike to his bedside, began in low tones, but without apparent difficulty, to converse with him, and expressed his surprise that he and the negroes should have appeared at the deserted plantation so opportunely, and inquired what kind of an expedition they had on foot at that hour of the night; and observing that if he did not talk much himself, Mike could talk to *him*.

"If I had got there fifteen minutes sooner," replied Mike, "I might have been of some use. But that's just my luck; the wind always hauls just as I get my topsails sheeted home, and I'm sure to be sick or ashore when a rich prize is taken. I went a-whaling when I was young, and, if a boat was stove, it was sure to be the one I was in.

"But the way I come to be there, and what kind of an expedition we were going on — why, that was the place I started for. I knew you was

to be waylaid; leastways, I give a pretty good guess that way."

"How could you know that?"

"You see, that summer I helped you on the dam, at the Madman's Pass, I got acquainted with a lot of niggers, runaways; among the rest, that chap I've christened Gold Coast, and two others, that I found to be very clever fellows; and since that I've fed 'em once in a while, when they were hard up.

"One day, I give Gold Coast his dinner, and while we was eating, he said, 'a man was coming through the pass on a mule.' So I takes my gun, and goes to take a squint at the chap. I saw in a minute by his riding, and the cut of his jib, he was a sailor; then it struck me that he was too limber in his motions, and too plump, for a man that wore a gray beard. So I kept in the bushes, and followed along till he comes to the stream, and gets off to water the mule; and while he was doing that his beard got partly off, and saw the face of Juan Romero."

"Indeed! And did you ever know Juan?"

"Know him? Yes, and his father before him. He was jealous of a man in Havana, and killed him; and that's how he came to turn pirate."

“Did you make yourself known to him?”

“Not I. I said to myself, ‘What traverse is he working now?’ And it struck me in a minute that I had heard that he was overseer for Lemaire — had to run for his life when Lemaire was taken, and that you was the means of Lemaire’s being caught and choked. It came into my mind at once that he must have been prowling round your place, and had some grudge against you. I put the gun to my shoulder, was just going to shoot him, — wish to God I had, — when my confounded, blundering luck made me think he never had injured me, and was one of the profession, and I let him go, and sent Gold Coast after him — he can travel with any mule. The darky came back, and said he had a schooner and eight hands in her, four white and four black.

“I thought about it that night and the next day, till I could keep still no longer, and started for your place after dinner. Then I found you was gone to Trinity, was coming back that night; that he had been to your house, pretending to sell things, pumped old Dinah, been all over the house, knew when you was coming back, and by what road.

"I see it all then; knew they would find the mule at the old plantation, and ambush you there. I hurried back, hunted up Gold Coast and the other two, give 'em arms, and we started. And that's just where I made the blunder, just as I always do."

"How was that? I don't understand you."

"Why, if I had just armed *myself*, and gone alone, I should have been there just in time to have joined the fun; but by stopping to find them, because I didn't know how many there might be, I was of no use."

"Don't say you were of no use. If you had not come, I should have died there alone, and had no opportunity to arrange some matters that lie near my heart. Besides, you could not tell where they were hid — might have fallen into their ambush, and been slain."

"What matter if I had? All people of our trade go in that way, first or last. It would have been a great deal better that an old 'shell back' like me, his coppers all burned out with rum, should go, than a man like you, that's making everybody happy round him."

"I trust in whatever way you go, and whenever

the time comes, you will be better prepared than you were then."

"Much obliged for your good wishes, but you might as well try to get Christianity into a shark as into me."

"Would you not have said the same of me once?"

"No, I wouldn't. You always had *qualms* — spells when you used to sit on the stool of repentance, and would be savage enough to bite a marlinespike in two. There was some *foundation* in you, but there's nothing to build upon in this old *shell back*. But I stick by my friends. I ain't much given to palaver, but I would stand between you and a bullet, and if I had been a little quicker last night, you would have had proof of it."

"Wouldn't a man who was any part of a man be likely to set a good deal by a friend who had done that for him?"

"Of course he would. He couldn't help it. That's *natural*."

"Well, that is just what the Lord Jesus Christ did for you and me; he stood between us and a bullet, and I love him for it; should be on a lee shore now, without ground tackle, if I didn't;

and if there's any part of a man to *you*,—and I know there is,—you'll do the same when you come to think of it. You'll say, 'I had a friend once who cared enough about me to provide for my support in old age, and did all he could to save my soul; and now he's gone, I'll show my regard for him by doing as he would have me if he was living.'

"I know it's all right, John, and that you are all right; but I don't feel in that way. You can't put new plank on an old vessel, when there's not sound wood enough in the timbers to hold the fastening."

Godsoe becoming exhausted, the conversation now terminated.

CHAPTER XIX.

DEATH OF GODSOE.

GUNSHOT wounds — especially those in the chest, where the missile, whatever its nature, remains in the wound — are deceptive, and, though apparently doing well at first, assume, and oftentimes suddenly, an entirely different character.

Godsoe, after his conversation with Mike, experienced sharp pains and nausea, that were attributed to fatigue occasioned by too great exertion in talking.

“William,” he said, “bring pen, ink, and paper. I want you to write.”

He then dictated a letter to his parents, and another to Willie, leaving his parents to judge in respect to the most suitable time of giving him the letter, and making known to him the decease of his father. Godsoe, then, sitting up in bed, signed both the letters.

"Now, William," said Godsoe, "I have done all that is necessary to be done, and am willing to go, or stay and suffer, as the Lord wills."

It was now the third day since Godsoe was wounded. A decided change in his condition took place, and alarming symptoms suddenly manifested themselves. Inflammation commenced; the external wound made by the ball, that had healed partially, opened; there were suppuration and much pain. The strength of Godsoe rapidly declined, and he expectorated bloody matter. It was now evident that he had taken the true view of his case, and William was forced to relinquish the confident expectations he had begun to cherish. He was now very low, could speak with difficulty, and only in whispers. Motioning William to his bedside, he said to him, —

"I shan't last long. Bury me in the same grave with Clara."

"But you want stone massa — tell who sleeps dere."

"No, dig no new grave; bury me with her, and put no other name on her gravestone than the one already there. I trust I have been forgiven, and the best thing for my reputation, and that of my

friends, is, that the history of my life should be forgotten. Don't forget to pray for Willie, and be kind to Mike."

He beckoned to the latter, who put his ear to the lips of Godsoe.

"Mike, you won't kill another person in anger, malice, or for money; only to save your own life?"

"I will not."

"Nor rob?"

"I will not."

"Good by, old shipmate. Good by, William."

This was the last effort of expiring nature, and these were the last words of a man endowed by the hand that made him with a superb physical frame, animated by a spirit capable of great things, neither lacking opportunity, but who, by devoting his faculties during the pregnant years of youth, and in manhood, to base purposes, came at last to write at the foot of his account, and as the balance of life's ledger, "The best thing for my reputation, and that of my friends, is, that the history of my life should be forgotten."

The efforts made, and the self-denial endured by Godsoe to fling a veil over the dark passages

of his life, were, if not literally, yet virtually successful. His parents carried the secret to the grave with them; so did John Rhines and Captain Griffin. But when William Godsoe was an aged man, and a grandfather, respected and beloved, a Bath captain came across an old negro in Martinique, who told him that his parents were slaves to a man by the name of John Godsoe; that he was born on his plantation, and used to play with his little boy Willie; and that Godsoe sent the boy to his grandparents in America.

He told the captain, furthermore, that "he had heard his mother say that he was once a pirate, and had another name, but he had forgotten it; that he left off being a pirate, and became a first-rate man, and gave his (the negro's) father and mother their liberty, and land; and that the other pirates killed him because he left them."

The story made some little stir at the time, but never obtained credence, was treated as a rumor, and in a short time forgotten. The old negro, however, was Nato, and his authority Aunt Dinah, than whom there could be no better.

Three years after the death of Godsoe, Mike was found dead in his camp. Having spent his

own money, and also that given him by his friend, and too proud to avail himself of the provision made for his wants, because it must be received through the hands of a negro, he had put a pistol to his head, and blown his own brains out.

Willie, as he grew to manhood, and his character developed, manifested many of the predominant traits of Godsoe—the same industry, self-reliance, presence of mind in emergencies, capacity for business, and generous disposition. But *his* energies were directed into pure and genial paths. He was amenable to discipline, possessed self-control, together with a strong religious bias, and was beloved by his associates. He also not only retained, but added to the large property received without any effort of his own, and made a liberal use of it.

His recollection of persons, events, and scenes at Martinique were very indistinct, and limited to a few things that made a deep impression on his childish fancy. He remembered the ceiba tree, his kids, and monkey; riding on the turtles, their taking to the water, and the monkey coming down from the tree to help stop them. He remembered Aunt Dinah, her catching the monkey in her